The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XVI | New York Saturday, August 17, 1918 | Number 198

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NOT the least gratifying fact about the recent Allied counter-offensive was that its initial and greatest triumph was won by British troops. Their success in the attack gives evidence of a complete recovery by the British army from its defeat of last March. As a result of prodigious exertions and great sacrifices the British government has replaced the decimated divisions and restored the captured and destroyed material. It was a magnificent achievement of which every British citizen has a right to feel proud, and whose effects in the near future are likely to be even more important than they have already been. For the striking power of General Haig's army is manifestly far from being exhausted by the last battle of the Somme. In all probability it will soon strike again and it will strike hard. The more power to its elbow. May it yet prove to be the instrument of Allied victory as effective and as successful as it was originally intended to be!

THE varying fortunes of the British military operations during the war will be an interesting matter for future military historians to study. On the whole, the British have fought more successfully on the defensive than on the offensive. The original British army showed wonderful moral tenacity in the retreat after Mons and really heroic powers of resistance in the first battle of Ypres. But when its turn came to attack it was less successful. Neuve Chapelle and Loos were costly failures in which the staff work broke down and in which the ground gained was not worth the lives of the brave men which were sacrificed to pay for it. The first battle of the Somme and the Flanders offensive exhibited the new army as a powerful, dogged, but somewhat clumsy instrument, which could take and give terrible punishment but whose leadership lacked the flexibility and the inventiveness indispensable to great military success. The first battle of Cambrai afforded the first indication of a tactical originality, but it was rendered abortive by over-confidence, inferior staff work and lack of cooperation with the French. Then came the crushing defeat of the Fifth Army in March, which must be in part charged to the same causes which accounted for the reverse at Cambrai. In the subsequent fighting in Flanders the British army once more had its back to the wall and it showed all its old grit and endurance. It was forced to yield ground but it inflicted losses on the Germans which weakened enormously their subsequent offensive power. Thereafter they let the British alone and this respite, whatever its cause, has had disastrous consequences for them. The British army is as powerful as it ever was and if the Germans are not strong enough to attack it they must themselves prepare for a succession of attacks.

HOW hard and how continuously the Allied armies are prepared to force the fighting an observer not in the secret counsels of the several governments can only guess, but we trust they will have the resources and the will to use the regained

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initiative to the limit. If the French and the English succeed in winning a considerable military victory this fall, without any more assistance than they are now deriving from the American army, the political benefits of a victory won in this way will be enormous. The German Staff started the campaign of 1918 with the intention of reaching a military decision favorable to themselves before the American army was ready. It has already failed to obtain a decision, and will probably have to adopt hereafter a defensive strategy, in spite of the fact that the American army is only partly ready. The Germans are, consequently, extremely depressed, but their depression will become much greater in case an Allied counter-offensive conducted chiefly by the French and British armies can actually throw them back and confront them with the possibility of an invasion next summer. They would be rendered morally less certain of themselves by a defeat inflicted during 1918 by their European neighbors than by a defeat inflicted during 1919 chiefly by the American army. For in 1919 the odds will be overwhelmingly against them and they might yield to superior numbers without being sufficiently chastened by defeat. But if the French and British armies, aided only by a distinctly auxiliary American force, can compel them to retire towards the frontier, they will be the more likely to accept the verdict as politically decisive and abandon the idea of dominating Europe. The French and British governments have every inducement to borrow from their enemy the original purpose of his campaign and, if possible, use the next three months to force a decision.

THE evidence of divided counsels and of uncertainty of aim, which was so clearly betrayed in the statement issued by the American government about Russian intervention, has accumulated during the past ten days. The American and Japanese troops, according to the original statement, could not be needed in large quantities because they were to defend the rear of the Czecho-Slovaks, but the Czecho-Slovaks are themselves claiming the necessity of much larger bodies of troops to make their position perfectly secure. In putting in this demand they are perfectly logical. Once a government proposes to use military measures in order to solve a political problem, it usually becomes the victim of its own instrument. There is no limit to the number of troops which may eventually be shipped to Siberia in order to assist the Czecho-Slovaks in their present enterprise, and those troops will have to be Japanese. It remains to be seen what the American government will do either to avoid or to accept this result. If it is avoided, well and good; but the prospects are not promising. If it is not avoided it would do well to withdraw the original statement and admit what we are doing. It would be embarrassing for the State Department to be obliged continually to dodge the conundrum, "When is military intervention not military intervention?"

IT had been generally assumed that the recent Reform Act in England had finally settled the problem of woman suffrage. But it is the traditional habit of the British people to admit a principle and then to embark upon an embittered fight over its detached application. The British Labor party has recently selected several women to contest seats at the coming general election; and a few weeks ago nomination papers were refused to Miss Nina Boyle upon a technicality only. This seems to have stirred the legal advisers of the Crown to action, and, in their wisdom, they have decided that women under the terms of the new franchise are not eligible to Parliament. It is, to say the least, a decision as extraordinary as it is unexpected. The idea that the right to the franchise is divorced from the right to a seat in a legislative assembly is not, of course, new; but it has hitherto been characteristic rather of veiled autocracies such as the France of Louis Philippe than of states claiming to be democratic. Nor must the character of this legal opinion be mistaken. Virtually speaking, it legislates. It is bound to influence the decision of the courts; and it will probably need an Act of Parliament to overcome it. The contrast between this attitude and the obvious way in which Miss Rankin's membership of Congress was taken for granted is curious indeed. There have been few instances of so legalistic an attack upon public sentiment as this reactionary opinion. It suggests that the law department of the English government is totally out of accord with the spirit of the time.

BETWEEN the Russian people and the people of the Allied nations there is no conflict of interest that would justify an appeal to war. Therefore we ought not to take too seriously acts that in other circumstances might be considered casus belli. The arrest and temporary detention of British consular officers in Russia, Lord Robert Cecil announces, will not be made to serve as a cause of war, because Russia has no recognized government. Neither will America interpret too narrowly the apparent Bolshevik interference with Ambassador Francis's dispatches. On their side the Russians have something to overlook. The uninvited presence of Allied forces on Russian soil in the Far East and on the North would mean war, if Russia were looking for war. The continued recognition by the United States of a Russian repre-

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sentative who has openly repudiated the only government that has existed in Russia for the better part of a year is an irregularity that might be set off against the Bolshevik treatment of Ambassador Francis, if Russia really wanted to be embroiled with America. On both sides, fortunately, common sense appears to retain precedence over diplomatic punctilio, and so long as this condition obtains, there is hope that no serious disaster to the cause of democracy will result from well meaning but mistaken acts on the part of either Russia or the Allies.

WAR profits for 1917 exceeded five billions; for 1918 they will not be much less. An eighty per cent war profit tax could therefore be made to yield about four billions, while the various taxes on corporations and excess profits proposed by the Ways and Means Committee can not yield more than two and three-quarter billions. Whence arises, then, the question whether the war profits tax or the excess profits tax would be the most productive! It is all a matter of the standard by which war profits are measured. British practice employed the earnings of pre-war years as the standard. Friends of the American profiteer are proposing as the standard, not the pre-war years 1911, 1912 and 1913, when average earnings were normal, but the years 1914, 1915, 1916, when earnings were abnormally swelled by the war profits we enjoyed as a busy neutral nation. How great a difference this makes is made clear by a comparison between the average earnings for the real pre-war period, $3,795,000,000 and the earnings of 1916, $8,766,000,000. The case is clear. If it is the average net income for 1914-1916 that is to be deducted from current net income before we arrive at war profits, the yield from war profits taxation will be modest indeed. Accordingly we may expect all the force and ingenuity of the profiteers to be applied to the task of inducing Congress to fix 1914-1916 as the normal.

SOMEBODY blundered in permitting the publication in America of London despatches intimating that Kerenski desires to come to America but is denied passports. We conceive of our international enterprise as essentially democratic in spirit and in method. Therefore we ought not to be exposed to the suggestion that a superior wisdom is shielding us against the risks of hearing an opinion on our Russian policy that may not coincide at all points with the opinions officially current. Let us remember that our Russian policy is not a completed work of art, but a mere seed out of which much that is unforeseeable may grow. We needed all the light that was to be had before we decided upon a military expedition to Vladivostok. We shall need more light before we decide whether we shall enlarge the scope of our enterprise.

THE National Association for Universal Military Training is urging the calling up of all boys of eighteen for training in military camps, but with the proviso that they shall not be sent overseas before they have attained the age of nineteen. Thus, the association suggests, much of the popular anxiety about the drafting of very young men will be quieted. But for America at war the one really imperative task is to get to France the maximum number of men at the earliest possible moment. What training we can give them while we are waiting for the ships to transport them is of course worth while, but we have given up the idea of holding men to more than a preliminary training here. They are much more quickly made into efficient soldiers in France. Now the Association for Universal Military Training would have us fill up our camps with three-quarters of a million men who could not under any conditions be sent off to France within a twelvemonth. And all for the sake of setting a precedent so that after the war it may not be necessary to argue the case for universal training on its merits.

The Collapse of the German Offensive

THE brilliant success of the Allied armies in crushing in the face of the Montdidier salient explains much that a few days ago a commentator found difficult to understand. It explains the speech in which von Kühlemann brought about his own fall by declaring the impossibility of military victory. Even at that time, when the Germans were at the height of their ostensible success, they apparently knew the hopelessness of their own enterprise. It explains the long delay which preceded the last disastrous German offensive. At the time no one knew enough to decide whether the delay was a sign of strength or of weakness. It is now proved to be a sign of weakness. The German High Command did not really possess the resources to continue the huge offensive operation, and there must have been divided counsels about when to stop and how far to go ahead. Finally, it explains the caving in of the German lines at the first indication of a strong counter-attack and the indecision which characterized German strategy during the week following General Foch's blow south of Soissons. As a consequence of their losses and the extension of their line they did not have enough troops to push home their offensive against an enemy which was being so heavily reenforced.

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It is worth while to recall these previous evidences of weakness and indecision because they throw light on the developments of the next few weeks. The Germans will probably be forced to retire to a line not much in advance of the one which they were holding last winter, which means, of course, the complete collapse of their grandiose plan and the permanent loss of the initiative. Once again they have attempted a military enterprise in the west for which their resources were insufficient and which was destined to fail, and the failure of which carries the exhaustion of their resources a stage nearer the inexorable end. Their very success, enormous as it was, has proved to be their undoing. In the effort to secure a decision they extended and loosened up the whole western line and thereby exposed themselves to the hazardous liability of a powerful counter-attack against a weak sector of their own line. The new surprise tactics, first used by the British at Cambrai and developed so successfully by their own General Staff, have been twice turned against them. The fact that these tactics are being successfully turned against them by an enemy which, in spite of huge losses, is steadily increasing in strength, will force the German High Command to fall back on a shorter line, which can be more heavily garrisoned. Even after such a retirement it is doubtful how far they will be able to give to the future line any rigidity comparable to that which the front possessed from the beginning of 1915 to the beginning of 1918, but that remains to be seen. They will not dare to keep the initiative against an enemy which can not only resist their attacks but strike back so savagely and so dangerously. The best they can hope now to do with their remaining resources in material, men and military ingenuity is to stabilize the front once again and defy the Allied armies to blast them out.

The German General Staff has proved to be very skillful in extricating its troops from the precarious positions in which they were caught as a consequence of the failure of its offensive. Will the German government be equally successful in extricating itself from the impossible political predicament which the loss of the military initiative will involve? For if the Allies show political sagacity, the loss of the one will, under the existing circumstances, involve the loss of the other. There was a time between the winter of 1916-17 and the winter of 1917-18 in which the Germans combined an offensive political strategy with a defensive military strategy. During that period they were seeking to get out of the war with the least possible sacrifice by exploiting sentiment in the Allied countries, and particularly Russia, in favor of a peace of democratic reconciliation, while at the same time making the war as costly as possible to their enemies by means of the submarine and by an elaborate development of defensive military tactics. If they had clung to this strategy and proved their honest desire for a durable peace by negotiating a fair settlement with the most immediately helpless but most potentially dangerous of their enemies, Russia, they might have succeeded in making it impossible for the western democracies to continue the war. But last winter the German government suddenly swerved, imposed a conqueror's and robber's peace on Russia and Rumania, and then sought to force its enemies in the west to accept it at the point of the sword. It has failed, and the political consequences of the failure should be even more serious than the military. For in the case of the political line-up the Allies do not even need at the present moment to counter-attack. They can await with grim satisfaction the outcome of the efforts of the German government to justify to its own people its course in forcing the German nation to pay such a terrible price for a military victory whose immediate purpose was to browbeat the world into accepting an annexationist settlement. Their political strategy could be justified only by military success, and in the absence of military success the German military clique will have to pay a high price for their failure.

A German "peace offensive" is still possible and even probable this fall, but in order to be dangerous it will have to conform to some very exacting conditions. Instead of obtaining a settlement on the basis of the status quo ante in the west and the Russian treaties in the east, as the German government hoped, they will now have to offer considerable concessions to France, Great Britain and Italy either in territory or in future guarantees. An offer of this kind, which would be equivalent to a confession of partial defeat, could never originate with the military clique. It would almost certainly imply the capture of power by the more liberal parties and the practical subordination of the government to the Reichstag. A chancellor representing the liberal parties might put in a strong bid for a peace which would leave to Germany her gains in the east by tempting the ruling classes in the Allied countries with territorial concessions and the socialists with some delusive plan of international arbitration and disarmament. That such an offer will actually be made we do not predict, but it is apparently the one means whereby the Germans may still gain something from the war at the expense of their Slavic neighbors and find compensation for a defeat in the west by victory in the east.

There will be only one answer to such a political attack. It will not consist, as so many Americans

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seem to think, in refusing all parleys until the Allied armies cross the Rhine. Every Allied government, including our own, has expressly and repeatedly repudiated such a subordination of political to military strategy. The only effective protection against an attack of this kind is to reproduce in the political region a unity of aim and of command analogous to that which has won for the Allies such considerable military successes. There is less divergence of political purpose among the Allies than there used to be when Italian ambitions to control the Adriatic sharply conflicted with the national aspirations of the South Slavs, but it is notorious that they are still very far from being politically united. Germany may not be able to take advantage of their latent disunion during the coming fall, but she will be able to do so sooner or later. As long as the Allies were on the defensive and were fighting to prevent a decision in favor of Germany they could afford to postpone any attempt to deal with their divergent political purposes. But when the military initiative finally passes to their armies and the German government has paid the domestic political penalties of its failure they must be prepared to give a joint political definition of the victory for which they are continuing to fight. The refusal to do so would offer the Germans their best remaining chance of cashing in a considerable measure of ultimate success.

Independence for Editors

THE purchase of the New York Evening Post by Mr. Thomas W. Lamont of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company suggests some interesting and important questions about the ownership of American newspapers and the relation which the ownership should occupy to editorial management. In this particular case a member of the most powerful banking partnership in America, which is heavily interested in some of its largest corporate enterprises, bought an old and highly respected newspaper, whose editorial policy, whatever its other limitations, had always been characterized by intellectual independence and integrity. According to his public announcement, Mr. Lamont bought the Post in part because of the very standards to which its editorial management had in the past conformed, and he now wishes above everything else to assure the readers of the Post that they will be preserved. He has followed, consequently, an example set by Mr. Morgan himself in the case of the Equitable Life. He placed the property in the hands of trustees who are intended to act as guarantors of his good faith. These trustees will not participate in the management of the newspaper, but their custodianship of the property and their knowledge of how it is managed is to safeguard the readers of the Evening Post from having its columns used to promote the business interests of Mr. Lamont or of J. P. Morgan & Company. The editorial direction is to be confided to an editorial staff, who, according to Mr. Lamont's statement, are to exercize full responsibility for its handling of the news and its statement of editorial opinion.

So far so good. Mr. Lamont is unquestionably sincere in wishing the Evening Post to maintain under his ownership its existing reputation for independence. His action in placing the property in trust and in announcing a refusal to interfere in its editorial management is based on an unusual conception of a newspaper and its relation to the public. It implies that the business of purveying facts and opinions to the American people is at least touched with a public interest and that its public character should receive some recognition in its executive organization. So far as we know other American newspaper proprietors have not acted on this theory. According to the prevailing conception and practice newspapers are distinguished from other forms of private property chiefly because, if unprofitable, they can often be sold for a great deal of money. The owner is supposed to dictate the news and editorial policy just as he would dictate the methods whereby a factory owned by him was operated and its output placed on the market. In both cases his decisions are usually very much influenced by the advice of the major salaried employees. It frequently happens that these employees are so much more competent to manage the property than the owner that they enter practically into complete control. But when any such transfer of control takes place, either in the case of a newspaper or of a factory, it means merely the temporary abdication of a fully recognized autocratic authority. No essential distinction is admitted between the editor of a newspaper and the manager of a factory. A newspaper owner would not lose in public esteem should he discharge a reporter for writing a truthful newspaper article which had inconvenient business or personal consequences, or should he discharge an editorial writer for an honest and intelligent expression of opinion with which he disagreed. Individual editors frequently earn substantially complete independence, but they do so only because the owner fails to exercize a discretionary power which exists practically without question and without limit. Editors have not ordinarily even the same kind of independence of status as the professional man. They are employees whose ability to think and write is purchased and who, unless otherwise expressly provided, tacitly permit their writing, if not

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their thinking, to be molded either by the owner of the newspaper or by business managers responsible to the owner.

Mr. Lamont does distinguish between a newspaper and other forms of private property. He expressly proposes to maintain the reputation of the Evening Post for independence by providing for independence in the editorial management. The essential part of his plan is not the trustees who in so far as they participated in the management of the enterprise, as distinguished from the custodianship of property, would, like the trustees of universities, be interfering in the jobs of other men. His trustees are chaperones, introduced in order to guarantee the good repute of a journalistic débutante. They are given by Mr. Lamont the power to control Mr. Lamont, but they cannot exercize positive control over the conduct of the newspaper. The independence of the Evening Post as a living thing will depend upon the kind of authority over the conduct of the paper which Mr. Lamont will confide to the editorial staff, and the public statement given out at the time of its purchase is not sufficiently explicit or comprehensive on this point. No one would expect Mr. Lamont not to exercize any influence over the management of a property which if it were mismanaged might cost him hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Yet any influence which he did exercize over, say, new appointments to the editorial staff, or some new policy adopted to change the amount and kind of the news reports, might conceivably be used to destroy or impair any genuine independence of editorial management. How far such interference would impair the needed independence would depend upon the amount of personal confidence and fundamental community of purpose which existed between Mr. Lamont and the editorial staff of the paper. Neither will the quality of personal confidence needed be easy to create and to sustain. Independence easily degenerates into mere obstinate self-assertiveness. A disposition to cooperate with a man who retains unlimited power of hiring and firing easily degenerates into servility. It is chiefly a matter of an extremely delicate and difficult personal adjustment, which, under the circumstances, must be worked out in practice between Mr. Lamont and his associates as honest and loyal men who are disinterestedly trying to cooperate in the management of a common public enterprise.

No machinery can guarantee independence to the editorial board of a newspaper as long as the board does not legally control the property, but an additional step can be taken by Mr. Lamont which will give semi-security to the independence of the editorial management without vesting final control in people who could not assume financial responsibility for their own mistakes. He can publish the names of the men or women to whom he confides the editorial direction of the Evening Post; he can make the power and responsibility of these people collective, and he can bind himself not to hire or fire without the consent of the major employees. An instrument of this kind is imperfect and would depend for its success, as we have already pointed out, on personal relationships, but it would form the beginning of constitutional government in the management of a great newspaper. The editors would then enjoy an independence of status corresponding to the independence of attitude which Mr. Lamont wishes them to maintain in their publication and discussion of the news.

The day will come, perhaps, when it will be impossible for the owners of newspapers to hire competent men to print news and to purvey opinions which help to determine the popular attitude towards public questions without full publicity as to names and method of organization, and without guaranteeing to the editorial staff independence of position. Competent publicists will not consent to give their labor and their brains to any publication about whose editorial policy they are not fully consulted. Sensible readers will reject or ignore publications which pretend to give impartial and disinterested expressions of opinion about public questions, but which, in their working organization, do not explicitly provide against the intrusion of irresponsibility, servility and personal or class bias. The editorial writer exercizes a function at least as much affected with a public interest as that of a college professor. There always have been on the staff of American newspapers many editorial writers who have been as scrupulous about the honor of their work as any college professor could be, but such a scrupulous attitude has not generally prevailed. Conditions have worked against such men. Newspapers for the most part either reflected or actually emphasized partisan, sectional or class prejudices. There have been no recognized professional standards among editorial writers which express the neglected fact that editorial opinions pretend to have a scientific value. People often suppose them to be true. Of course those who write them know how difficult it is to attain any substantial measure of truth, but that is precisely why high professional standards are as much needed among editorial writers as among lawyers or college professors. They, quite as much as the others, need some explicit legal guarantee of their independence as an official of the greater social commonwealth. They need to be guaranteed an amount of individual and collective power and responsibility favorable to those among them who

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are capable of disinterestedly seeking the truth and of sparing no pains to dig it up and expose its radiance to the world.

It is becoming more than ever necessary to deliver editorial writers from the secrecy, the irresponsibility and the indignity of the conditions under which they ordinarily work. The accumulating changes in the balance of American social and economic forces is rendering a better performance of their functions of molding public opinion increasingly important. Hitherto the class conflict has not come to the surface of American political and social controversy, but this immunity will not endure. Only willfully blind observers can fail to discern in the United States the irrepressible growth of the same industrial maladjustment and social discontent which have given immediate political reality to the class conflict in Europe. The candor and disinterestedness with which the press publishes and comments on the news engendered by the industrial conflict will exercize a decisive influence on its course and its consequence. In so far as the press is candid and fair, in so far as it prints all the news, in so far as it remains steadily alert to the human psychological aspect of every controversy, and in so far as it honestly tries to infuse a scientific spirit into its comment, it can create a binding national opinion which may prevent the schism from becoming irreconcilable. But in so far as the agitators for social change feel that the news is falsified or falsely emphasized, and that the newspapers give expression exclusively to the interests and prejudices of the class in possession, the chance of avoiding ultimate civil disorder will be much diminished. The newspapers, that is, have it within their power either very much to intensify the bitterness of the conflict by treating social agitators in the same spirit of mean and hateful misrepresentation which Hearst has always used against his personal adversaries, or they have it within their power to lay the foundation in public opinion for an ultimate adjustment by admitting the reality of the social grievances and by trying to find progressive solutions which will express both a social purpose and some measure of scientific spirit and method. This is the alternative which newspaper owners such as Mr. Lamont need seriously to consider. He is incapable of using a newspaper to promote the business interests of himself or his firm, but that is not enough. Is he reconciled to the necessity of providing financial support for a newspaper directed by an editorial staff which would not be afraid to use its independence for the purpose of emancipating the Evening Post from any suspicion of class bias in commenting on the incidents which involve differences of class interest?

The Nationalism of the British Labor Party

IN the opinion of practically all competent observers the new British elections will take place in the late fall or early winter and will result in the return of a substantial majority pledged to support the present government. Unless conditions alter radically during the next few months, Mr. Lloyd George's opponents, no matter whether they belong to the Liberal or Labor party, will suffer from the handicap which the war necessarily imposes upon those who differ from the government in matters of policy. It is almost impossible during war to push home an attack on a government without earning the accusation of being unpatriotic. The responsible opponents of Mr. Lloyd George will be obliged to fight gingerly with soft gloves, while Mr. Lloyd George and his friends will consider themselves entitled to fight with both hands, with their bare fists, and, perhaps, with brass knuckles. They will denounce even moderate and carefully qualified opposition to the government as injurious to the success of the Allied armies, and they will do their best to fasten the taint of pacifism and defeatism on any criticism of the government's war diplomacy. There is no way for either the Liberal, the Labor or the Nationalist parties to escape this disadvantage of position. Their opportunity will come later.

The coming election is only a preliminary skirmish to the more serious contest which will take place after the restoration of peace, and in which the government will lose and the opposition will gain the advantage of position. The majority which the government will obtain next fall or winter will be composite and its composition will include many ultimately irreconcilable elements. It will be united only on the programme of prosecuting the war under the leadership of Lloyd George. It will not be able to act with conviction or unity when it comes to deal with the problems of peace either in domestic or foreign politics. A new adjustment will then take place subject to a condition of public opinion which is likely to have a disintegrating effect not merely on the Lloyd George majority but upon the membership and the fundamental loyalties of the older parties. In this second election the war cries and methods which Lloyd George and his supporters will naturally use to win their immediately necessary majority are likely to provoke a general reaction against the government.

The interesting and perplexing aspect of domestic public opinion in the United Kingdom turns upon the changes which the pressing problems of reconstruction and the formation of the new Labor

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party will bring about in the alignment, the membership and the platforms of the older parties. Before the war parliamentary government and the two party system associated with it was breaking down. Insubordinate groups were formed in parliament which could not be depended upon to submit to party discipline and act loyally with a responsible partisan majority. They showed an increasing tendency to revolt against the pretensions of the two party system, and in so far as the revolt was successful it impaired the peculiar strength hitherto enjoyed by parliamentary government in the United Kingdom. There was danger that the English would be driven to the baleful alternative, adopted by parliamentary systems on the Continent, of relying on an over-burdened bureaucratic administration in order to remedy the evils which resulted from the weakness of the government and of its supporting majority in parliament.

The tendency to break up responsible party government was born of the repudiation by English radicals of the assumptions of the two party system. According to the orthodox assumptions both parties represented an essential national establishment and a dominant national interest. The voters in choosing between two parties were choosing between alternative methods of satisfying the national interest, one of which might be more friendly to reform than the other, but both of which were conservative in fundamentals and progressive only as to details. The insurrectionary radicals considered that the acceptance of this assumption delivered them into the hands of their enemies. As they were coming to see it, both parties represented a partial rather than a national interest. They both represented the class of property owners as distinguished from the class whose only capital consisted in its ability to work. They both have excluded wage-earners from their counsels and have never sufficiently recognized the seriousness of the discrimination which, under the existing national organization, runs against the wage-earner. The Liberal party was more willing to recognize and remedy some of the grievances from which the workers suffered as a consequence of the discrimination against them in a property owners' commonwealth, but Liberalism in its traditional expression was merely capitalism with an uneasy conscience. The two parties were engaged in sham battles, which concealed their fundamental devotion to class domination and which served to divert the public mind and to prevent any more radical protest or alternative from becoming dangerous. As the result of the very necessity of their situation both parties distrusted ideas, fed intellectually on dogmas and catchwords and operated for the most part as agencies of popular political miseducation.

Radicals, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, have insistently urged this criticism of the two party system, but until recently they have never worked out a satisfactory political remedy. Their only retort was the organization of parliamentary groups which represented some parts of the disenfranchised class and which under the circumstances tended to become factions, irresponsible, revolutionary and frequently undemocratic both in method and spirit. It has remained for the promoters of the British Labor party to propose a different and a better answer. Their plan amounts to an attempt to regenerate responsible party government instead of abandoning it, and if they succeed the advantages will be enormous. The immediate future success of political democracy, representative institutions and constitutional agitation may depend upon the success of their enterprise. The Labor party, as they are trying to organize it, would be emancipated and thorough-going in its radicalism, yet it would not be revolutionary. It would be a political instrument forged to convert the British democracy by educational experiment and agitation to a higher standard of individual and associated life.

If the ideas of its promoters can be carried out, the British Labor party may be the first genuinely national party in the history of democratic politics. Its more genuinely national character is born primarily of the attempt to apply one comprehensive and exacting test to citizenship in a democratic state. It is an organization of workers of all kinds—brain workers as well as manual workers—for the purpose of reconstructing the British Empire into a commonwealth of free men and women who derive the independence of their lives and the dignity of their social position from the amount and the quality of their work. Such a programme is not exclusive—as were the programmes of the old Liberal, Conservative and Socialist parties. A party which existed chiefly to protect the privileges of property-owners cannot be genuinely national, because it must necessarily ignore or else merely compromise with the needs and interests of the majority of the population, whose only property will consist for the most part of the goods they consume. Neither can a party organized primarily to promote the interest of the exploited manual laborers and wage-earners be genuinely national, because such a party would, if it controlled the state, do violence to the needs and interests of that indispensable minority who are not and cannot be manual laborers. But a party which seeks to create a commonwealth of, by and for the working people of all kinds would escape the bondage of a class prejudice and the necessity of an exclusive class policy. By associating citizenship with actual personal service it would be creating a com-

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prehensively and fundamentally human state, the interests of whose rulers would not depend on the frustration of the lives of other people, and which would live upon its ability to bring about a larger and better measure of human fulfillment. Surely if the war has taught us anything it has taught us that the only measure of a man or woman's civic value is his or her ability to do competent and disinterested work on behalf of the national purpose.

This workers' commonwealth cannot be brought into existence without enacting what is superficially called class legislation,—that is without legislating away little by little those privileges which now attach power, prestige and cultural opportunities chiefly to the possessors of property. But legislation of this kind is national in its effect. It seeks to remove the obstacles to national moral unity, and unless these obstacles are removed the national unity will be destroyed in other countries, as it has been temporarily in Russia, by an irreconcilable class conflict. The British Labor party is national, not only because it is not exclusive but because it is essentially reconstructive. It is dedicated not to the preservation or amelioration of an existing system of class power and privilege, but to the substitution for it of an essentially changing and progressive system. Its object is to employ scientific method in order to infuse social purpose into those changes in the balance of social forces which are always taking place, and which have accumulated with great rapidity since 1914. It frankly bases its chance of success on its ability to work out a scientificially definite technique of social reconstruction. By expressly associating the promotion of national unity with the ideal of social reconstruction it makes the national bond depend, not on the preservation of existing institutions, but on the progressive realization of their underlying social purposes. Nationalism becomes an essentially dynamic principle and the Labor party would be national not merely because it was essentially progressive but because it was experimental, and educational in its method of realizing its progressivism.

The enterprise of the British Labor party is that of securing the support of a solid majority of the British electorate to a programme of social reconstruction, and to use that majority for the purpose of giving to the programme legislative and administrative effect. In so far as it succeeds it will split the Liberal party and force the older Liberals to eschew half measures and to commit themselves either to a thorough-going radicalism or to a new conservatism. For the Conservative party will remain, and much will depend on the way it is led. It may well be that British politics for a generation will turn chiefly on a fight between one party which seeks to associate national unity with loyalty to a national establishment and another which seeks to associate it with loyalty to a constructive national purpose. This newer conservatism will be more liberal than its predecessor, but its effort will be nevertheless to patch up a class system by ameliorating its worst grievances and by then bribing, beguiling or coercing the disfranchised class into acquiescence. It will undertake a more difficult job than its adversary. It can scarcely hold its own against a party which seeks to forge a national bond out of a work of scientific social reconstruction unless it is favored by a continuation of the pre-war condition of international anarchy and insecurity. For national unity is necessarily the child of intelligent social readjustment. It cannot be promoted in any other way, except in so far as a nation is threatened with aggression from without or with insurrection from within. If the British Labor Party is to succeed it will be obliged to secure its continuity against the danger of foreign aggression and revolutionary violence.

Higher Taxes on Wealth

WHILE we are revising our scheme of war taxation, say the established authorities on public finance, we ought to go much farther in the direction of universality. We ought to lower the income tax exemption in order to reach more of the labor incomes that have been increased by the war. We ought to extend our system of excise taxation in order to make even those who must remain exempt from direct taxes pay a share in the costs of the war. The values we are seeking to establish by this war are democratic values. When we have won it the world may or may not be a better place for the aristocrat, the plutocrat, but it will certainly be a better place for the man of modest hopes and undistinguished fortunes. Therefore he ought to be willing and eager to contribute to its costs in proportion to his ability.

To this reasoning any democrat can assent. But before he seeks to apply it in the field of practical policy he will want to be assured that the conditions upon which the principle of universality is based are actually present in our national system. If we could assume that income was distributed in proportions that satisfy ever so roughly the requirements of justice or of social economic expediency we should be compelled to accept the conclusion that no tax ought to be levied upon the great income without an appropriate tax upon the small. Or, waiving the problem of justice in normal distribution, if we could say that in spite of the revolutionary character of the economic influences operating in war time, the relative position of the classes remained the same, the argu-

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ment for universality would be at least plausible. But we cannot say this. We know, as a fact, that in the period from 1914 to 1916 there was a powerful tendency operating to make the rich richer and more numerous. The report on Statistics of Income, compiled under the direction of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, offers an opportunity for measuring this tendency.

What the figures for income exhibit is an increase in the number of taxable incomes that becomes more marked the higher the income class. Incomes ranging between $3,000 and $4,000 increased in number less than 3 per cent; incomes between $15,000 and $20,000 increased almost 50 per cent; incomes between $50,000 and $100,000 increased over 100 per cent; incomes of $150,000 to $200,000, 216 per cent; incomes of $1,000,000 and over, 243 per cent. The greater the income, the more rapidly it multiplied: such is the obvious inference from the returns. Or, in other terms, the surplus income of America was becoming concentrated, from 1914 to 1916, in fewer and fewer hands.

But must we not make allowance for the fact that in the period from 1914 to 1916 there was a great advance in prices, so that there is an element of inflation in the incomes of 1916? It is quite true that in 1916 a million dollar income would not have purchased so great a bulk of consumable commodities as in 1914. But the same thing is true of the income of $3,000 to $4,000. If we reduced all incomes to terms of 1914 commodity purchasing power, we should reduce the percentage increase in the larger incomes, but we should produce a great decrease in the smaller ones. The proportions would remain unchanged. Our conclusion as to the fact of concentration of surplus income remains valid.

Indeed, we have reason for laying a heavier emphasis upon the tendency to concentration if we reduce incomes to purchasing power. Most of an income of $3,000 is expended on commodities the price of which advanced from 1914 to 1916. Most of an income of $1,000,000 is expended in the purchase of stocks and bonds, lands and mines and factories, the prices of which declined, as a rule, except in case of war industries and war stocks which exhibited a great increase in earning power. The general economic forces operating in the period 1914 to 1916 therefore not only made the large incomes more numerous, but also made of such incomes a more potent instrument for acquiring control of the permanent productive resources of the United States.

Since we entered the war, however, may we not have overcome this tendency to concentration? We have no figures as to the distribution of personal incomes in 1917 and no basis for precise forecasts for 1918. But we do know that dividends, which form more than one-third of all incomes over $40,000, and business profits, which form approximately another third, were more generous in 1917 than in 1916, and present indications point to a persistence of their prosperity through 1918. Accordingly it appears a safe forecast that the income statistics for 1917 and 1918 will show that the relative increase in the larger incomes has again been decidedly greater than in the smaller. The tendencies toward concentration set in motion before we entered the war have not yet been checked. More and more of our income and our productive power is falling into the hands of the few.

This, we submit, is not a condition upon which a democrat can enthusiastically espouse projects of indirect taxes of wide incidence. Nor can he endorse without qualifications plans for raising the normal tax, which would burden all taxable incomes in equal measure, while the supertax on large incomes remained unchanged. Rather let us first of all devise a scheme of supertaxes calculated to prevent the larger incomes from gaining in number more rapidly than the more moderate. It will then be time to consider rates of normal tax to be levied upon all incomes alike. And as a final stage in the development of our taxation system, we may properly consider consumption taxes of wide incidence, designed to collect a revenue from the incomes too modest to fall under the direct income tax.

Owing to the scarcity of paper, the Index for Volume XV, which was completed with No. 195, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who, in the course of this month, will send us his name and address on a post card directed to the NEW REPUBLIC, *421 West 21st street, New York City.*

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1918, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Men for the Y. M. C. A.

"BY the way, boys," said a Y. M. C. A. director at the end of Saturday night's minstrel show at a base port, "tomorrow's Sunday. Those who are interested will be welcome to a service at 10 o'clock."

If opportunities for religious observance were always announced as frankly as this, all Y. M. C. A. huts might be as firmly established in the affections of the A. E. F. as the one in question. They are not—by any means—and one significant reason why is that "religion" is frequently concealed in a Y. M. C. A. show, like a pill in strawberry jam. In such huts in England, it is not at all unusual to insert a prayer in the middle of a variety performance or a moving picture show. I have never seen that game "worked"—to speak as the A. E. F. speaks—in France. But I have seen audiences break, or sneak, for the door in an effort to avoid a prayer tacked on to the end of an evening of fun. The bulk of the crowd is, of course, too polite or too slow to escape, but no more reconciled on that account. For every two men who come up and thank the secretary afterwards—he always cites these two when asked why he uses such methods—there are two hundred who are cursing openly or inwardly. The result is a slump in morale that vitiates the whole purpose of the entertainment; natural high spirits are quenched, religion is cheapened, and the Y. M. C. A. rendered supremely unpopular.

When one analyzes the hostile attitude of many men in our army to this organization which is doing so stupendously much for the army's comfort and happiness, one finds suspicion of an evangelical "joker" mixed up even with the criticism of the post-exchange service discussed in an earlier article. A sanctimonious secretary who will hide a sermon in a variety show will also short-change you—this seems to be the soldier's reasoning. The conclusion is quite unjustified; but the canteen service has needed the reorganization that is actually in process. Henceforth, according to the present plans, the Y. M. C. A. canteens will carry nothing that the Quartermaster's sales stores also handle. As the Quartermaster pays no transportation charges his price for Bull Durham, for instance, has heretofore been less than the Y. M. C. A.'s, with the result that the latter has been accused of profiteering; now the Y. M. C. A. will stop importing Bull Durham altogether. Moreover, it will probably sell such brands of tobacco and chocolate as it does import at a loss. The organization has wisely decided that it can afford to sink two or three million dollars a year in its canteen supplies if it contributes thereby to the morale of the army.

The second criticism of the Y. M. C. A. noted in a former article—criticism of the calibre of the male personnel—is more closely connected with the religious question. Although the valiant efforts of Y. M. C. A. leaders in France to get men who are above all first rate human beings are noticeably bearing fruit; although the quality of the secretaries is improving steadily, the fact remains that boats are still arriving in French ports bearing Y. M. C. A. personnel who believe that their mission in the A. E. F. is to save souls by evangelical means, or "to prepare them for the coming of the Lord."

This is the case because the recruiting of personnel in America still starts, as in the ante-bellum days, from an evangelical bias. The head of the Y. M. C. A. Personnel Bureau in New York declared himself as follows in a letter of instructions sent out a few months ago: "Only a very limited number of non-evangelicals should be used."

Again, in the same letter: "In all the fundamental essentials of Christianity the men must be fully and firmly established." What the "fundamental essentials" are in the minds of the American leaders may be gathered from the blank that every applicant fills out and the "confidential reference" sent by the Personnel Board to three or four people whose names he furnishes. In the former he is asked (Question No. 29): "Do you attend church regularly?" In the latter the person given as reference is asked to estimate the candidate as regards these three points, among others:

Proven Christian character.

Success in religious interviews.

What information can you give regarding religious life?

The replies to be graded under "Exceptional," "Good," "Average" or "Poor." Moreover, it is no unusual thing—indeed it is customary—for Personnel Boards of the Y. M. C. A. to ask applicants whether they are able to conduct religious services.

A question about the use of tobacco and cigarettes, which appeared on an earlier blank, has been dropped, as well as the famous question, often cited by enemies of the Y. M. C. A.: "What success have you had in bringing men to Christ?" But certain leaders in the organization, especially in small towns and cities, where good material to work with the A. E. F. could otherwise be obtained, behave as if they were still in force. It is

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certain that the Y. M. C. A. secretaries who are used to recruiting sergeants in these smaller places often discriminate against excellent candidates because they smoke and have no particular religious affiliations; accepting instead smug pietists under whose unctuous touch our solid soldiers of the A. E. F. cringe as they do not from machine gun fire. Moreover, when Unitarians, Universalists, Christian Scientists, Roman Catholics and Free Thinkers are accepted—and some of them are being sent to France—they do not come as secretaries, but as associate secretaries. The use of the word "associate" theoretically bars them from executive control and gives them no standing except as workers. Practically speaking, the distinction is not valid in France, where liberal ideas prevail; but how can men of the best type not feel doubts about joining an organization which thus marks off the sheep from the goats?

Eight Y. M. C. A. men attached to the American troops in the front line have been recently cited for bravery and all the secretaries with these troops, ministers included, appear to be a part of the army in spirit, heart and effort. Like the army they seem to have said: "To hell with everything—including our old evangelical convictions—which does not conduce to efficient fighting"; and the army is deeply appreciative of their fine spirit of service. They are not only getting caught in barrage fire and living in dug-outs like the men, without taking their shoes or clothes off for a month in order to provide hot drinks and writing paper, they are even following the men over the top as stretcher bearers, they are even caring for wounded and burying dead—doing all sorts of painful jobs that seem more rightly to belong to the Red Cross. The front line work of the Red Cross is negligible as yet in quantity as compared with that of the Y. M. C. A. Along the railway lines the Red Cross canteen service—excellent so far as it goes—is entirely inadequate to the needs of the present hour, yet the Red Cross man, when he is encountered, is perhaps twice as well-met to the soldier as the Y. M. C. A. man. And why—just because he is known to have no arrière pensée of a moralistic or evangelizing nature.

Souls are saved at the front—Y. M. C. A. souls as well as soldiers' souls—by other means than evangelism. Men who live in the hourly presence of death are thinking thoughts that cut deep—the road to God is here again illuminated by the symbol of human suffering and sacrifice. But only a part of the army is constantly at the front and only a fraction of the Y. M. C. A. personnel will ever have these supreme spiritual experiences of the "fundamentals of Christianity." Although almost any Y. M. C. A. secretary attached to the A. E. F. acquires to some degree the religion of humanity in the end, his new religion often comes slowly. That is hard on the men of the A. E. F. first of all; and, second, hard on the fine band of liberal, devoted men who direct the Y. M. C. A. in France. Face to face with the sternest sort of circumstance these pioneers are straining every nerve to make the Y. M. C. A. an instrument of wide public service. They realize that no voluntary organization has ever had such an opportunity before, and they must frequently in their heart of hearts—though far too loyal for the sort of criticism in which a disinterested journalist who believes strongly both in the Y. M. C. A. and the army must sometimes indulge—admit that it can never be more than half fulfilled with the type of personnel that is still being sent over from America. The tools with which the Board in France is asked to work are often imperfect for its big ends—that is the plain truth. The A. E. F. can no more be herded into an evangelical pen than the whole American nation can be so herded. It *is* the whole American nation—intensely human, idealistic, vital, young, bent on converting the world to a democracy that laughs at the narrow evangelistic categories of the past. When it wants religion of the traditional sort it wants it straight, not camouflaged as vaudeville. When it does not want religion at all, it nevertheless wants the stove, and the rag-time, and the movies, and the writing-paper and the human friendliness of the Y. M. C. A. hut. It should not be obliged to pay for them with hypocrisy and mistrust. The Y. M. C. A. in America, if it would help the army in its task, should send men abroad who have a vision and a humanity as big as the miles that stretch from the Pacific Ocean to the front northwest of Toul.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Paris, July 5th.

Social Science and Culture

MANY people hate social science long before they know what it means. Perhaps the terms scowl at one another. Perhaps one man resents the idea of our taking the infinite sea of human living that makes the ebb and flow of society and handling it scientifically, as if it were a metallic compound or some bacillus. Another will not smirch the fair name of science with such pretense of exactitude in the midst of fuddling and confusion. Matthew Arnold's suave urbanities against the arrogance of the scientific spirit still serve many persons for bulwarks in the humanistic defense. But the vexed and polished guard of humanism and the terse protectors of natural

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science might both be told that the social sciences are but the matter of the one with the method of the other. It is too bad that Matthew Arnold could not have foreseen for his consolation the rise of the humanistic sciences which should offset the power of the adversary.

But many people, when they learn what social science really is, have little enough liking for it. They ask with a show of scornful serenity what it is all about, this explaining and arranging into systems of the whole of society by a man who knows little of the world and nothing whatever about art, and is personally familiar only with the religion of the simpler class of people; a man of facts without imagination, and persistence without light. His reasoning, too, sounds convincing; though they know from Molière—he knows nothing from Molière—that reasoning is often fatal to reason. What he says is plainly true; but—now we have it—it is not all the truth. That is how it stands, but it seems impossible to state for him the rest of the truth. They know how much of life is nuance, shading, a savor that emerges in taste and choice but at its best is indefinable. They must descend to meet him then. But at last on his terms their kind of truth still escapes. He is an irritating fellow, and he seems very young.

The social scientist makes as bad a muddle of it. This humanistic culture of theirs, what has it done for them, he asks; has it promoted unselfishness, municipal organization, or public welfare? Has it prevented the application of scientific discoveries to industrial monopoly? Has it clarified for them their own motives or complex? Or, harking back to their classics, why do some of the defenders of those antique benefits of clearness and precision write of them so vaguely or so turgidly? Why so limp and tame, thou admirer of Achilles in Homer? His neighbors seem very old.

Nevertheless the heavier responsibility for the settlement lies with the social scientist. This follows because society is his final profession; and, however much he might enjoy doing so, he cannot put his humanistic neighbors out of it. Their culture lies within his social science. Their complaints of him hold good so long as they are true of him and his limitations. His complaints of them have no ground except in so far as he insists on carrying all knowledge or culture into life itself and into social application; at which juncture they come under his subject. The leaders in social science know all this. They know that there is not any argument of culture versus social science. The background and the critical and creative minds that make them leaders, make them see this. But the case of social science cries to them for statement. The lesser workers in the subject need the light of these wider concepts of their subject matter. Laymen need pointers on the science itself, and on the specialists who seem to them forever descending on society like locust plagues on a field of growing wheat. Social science must manage a synthesis that will hold fast in it the quality of humanism, which is a citizenship in the world of the human spirit.

First of all the man behind the idea makes all the difference. We often flatter ourselves by assuming that ideas fail because of their newness or altruism or profundity. But we must remember how a truth takes on the color of the eyes that see it; and how hard it is when we come to turning the idea into a cause to relate oneself properly to it. Causes fail time and again because of their agents; they fail through antagonisms and shortcomings in tact and taste and judgment. People will listen to almost anything so long as the advocate does not get himself disturbingly between them and the subject. And he on his part relates himself effectively to his subject either by a good breeding of the mind or an evangelical fire of the spirit. Men are often on the defensive because they know from experience how many breaks there are in the pure science of these ideas and causes that are presented to them. They know how many men are sociological nowadays who would have been a hundred years ago romantically melancholic. They know the imitation or the craft that turns the man who would have been a bigot under a pious king into an atheist under a sceptic. They know the itch of some temperaments for mere martyrdom, and the craving of others for mere newness. They know how causes suffer from the sort of young men, with mouths eternally full of doctrines and pass-words and the great names among their acquaintance, who use all things as ladders for their own ambition. And they have learned sadly that the prophets themselves are sometimes pushing doctrinaires, or poseurs in a certain genre, or closet egoists. Since, then, the ideas and the causes of social science like all others must have men to serve them, the quality of the agent is a part of the problem. His relation to his matter is an exercise in culture. Which does not imply cutting down the personal, but adapting it; the office of culture is to perfect the personal in larger terms.

And what is the good of a man's professionalizing the mere quality of his ideas? Or of making everything a fighting matter, as if nobody but himself would grant the truth of it. Or why the habit of asking a man, "What is he like? Is he radical?"—as if he must profess one thing or another? He may be radical through studious labor; or be so without labor for the fruits of a vivid point of

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view. Or he may be the artistic temperament fallen on ideas instead of on the violin. But radicalism and newness are not to be enjoyed like a musical ear or an eye for color. Culture, any wide culture certainly, teaches the vanity of cultivating the mere sense of difference from other men. Socrates scarcely said to Philebus under the plane trees, "Mark, friend, how different I am, come in and see me setting Athens by the ears." No, the small fry shine with singularities; great men start from their deep likeness to the race. Humanistic culture works toward the understanding from which kindness is bred. It works first of all to find out what any form already established and loved among men really means and how far it can be made practicable or built on, before the destruction begins. Emerson remarked that great men have accepted the society of their contemporaries, the connection of events, and confined themselves to the genius of their age. A taste for smashing and alienation or martyrdom is not necessarily any better than a taste for heirlooms or sentiment or jewelry.

Narrowness is the bane of many workers in science; but the social scientist can least afford its limitations. Narrowness, sophomoric solemnity and certitude, insistence, the cruder forms of urgency, do often seem to dog his steps; but to most men they are ugly and deterrent faults in him, and betray a rusticity of the heart and a provincialism of the mind. To settle into one position, to adopt as a base to play the game from, a championship of the masses, a knowledge of the trade guilds and an ignorance of Lorenzo's court, or sex, or germ plasms, or pragmatism, is too easy a starting point. Life is broader than any one theme; let the student wait. He must not set too soon, like sorry plaster beneath the molder's hand. And it is only at their peril that men decide what life is. "Three times every week," writes Mr. Bernard Shaw, "I could escape from artistic and literary stuff and talk seriously with serious people. For this reason—because I persisted in socialist propaganda—I never once lost touch with the real world." Poor Mr. Shaw! One may be a socialist and know also that there is a pastoral England, studios, quiet suburbs, and the open highway; the reality of any kind of life depends wholly on the relation to it of the people who live it. I know a lecturer who supplies complete and cocky explanations of the high society of Austria-Hungary, though he never saw Vienna or met a single passage out of Schnitzler or Hofmannsthal or Strauss. He reveals the glories entire of Venice by the salt trade to the German cities, though he would not know a Giorgione from a Tiepolo. Right, obviously, so far as salt goes. Every one admits it, but cannot easily explain that there is no need to be so strident about it or so exclusive of the Bucentaur and the litanies. How many sides has life; and if we blink that fact where shall we meet the opponent, and in what key? And finally let the advocates of all causes stretch themselves to find out what things people in their respective stations do believe and what they have abandoned. To make a crusade against what no longer exists is the last of the illusions and the most ironical. Surely the utmost Quixotism is to tilt at windmills that are already down.

Social science may take its place with art and religion as a part of our daily consciousness. To its role in the stirring history of today and the tomorrow after the war there is no limit. But in exactly the same manner as theirs do its chances depend on its satisfaction of our instincts and interests and desires. If it is to fight brutalism, disproportion, and inertia of thought, or if it is to make its information and truth a part of men's everyday, social science will need every means that will put vitality into its matter. In every fact lies its own quality, the beauty, the bestiality, the design and form, the prose or the strangeness, that makes it infectious, that sends it back into men's experience. And so it follows that every fact has its own kind of statement. Social science in its way can no more afford to scrap into the discard all form in presentation than can religion or art, both of which have used every device and resource to carry their matter into men's very blood itself. Why then should a thinker in labor organization or commercial geography or economics feel free to shamble into his discussion or out of it by any sort of ramshackle alleyway of thought? Why should he fall into, or choose even, a sterile style? Thoughts never actually appear to us in this barren order; and not even professional jeers should smother them to so jealous a mediocrity. With every point to be made are bound up other facets of experience, and its expression should be tinged with them. And any idea whatsoever is alive only in so far as it gets itself expressed into its proper body. Or are we to collect dead souls, like Gogol's hero? That there is a drift in much sociological writing toward a mechanistic style is shown by the tone beginners fall into when they wish to do the proper thing. Or are readers perhaps really to be suffocated for truth's sake, or disciplined at least for their love of it? A beautiful idea seen in its social bearing needs a beautiful style to give a wider swing to its promulgation. Let the style be grave, beautiful, fantastic, brutal, urbane; or let it provoke, irritate the audience—whatever belongs to the matter; for so the imagination puts on it its meaning and implication. The sense of vitality, of life, fecundity, stimulation, confers a

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sense of delight, of beauty and pleasure, of benefit; and it is this teeming vitality that must round out the content of science to correct in it the defects of its excellence. Or shall its truths be buried in sounds of dry sand like the holy crocodiles and cats of the Pharaohs?

Nobody means to say that the young worker in social science shall learn to wage a parlor warfare in bridge and modern drama or uplifting generalities, as witty adversaries may adduce; but merely that tact, horizon, breeding, and taste—all in their deepest sense spiritual qualities—should be qualities imparted to his intellect by training, as far as possible. It means that the social nature of his science demands for the intellect the same quality that is demanded of the man by social living.

The perfection of the quality of men's living, which is the end of all religion and poetry, is also the end of the social sciences, and their final success is measured by this attainment. They have the power to deepen the meaning of humanism itself, they may be among the first of those agencies that induce that just relation of the single human spirit to the universe which we think of as culture. Culture is the light reflected by all things upon one another. Culture is the heightening of our sense of the antiphonal radiance existing in all things among themselves. By its participation in this radiance all science departs from the mechanistic. As for the social sciences, they become humanistic through remembering their birth and end in human living; and the student of them, surely, has need of all his faculties in order to give men his work in such shape as the mind feels to be right and the heart to be profitable.

STARK YOUNG.

A Solemn Protest

MY dear, have you signed The Solemn Protest? Oh, I forgot, you don't play bridge. But don't you think it's a perfectly splendid way to prevent class hatred? That's the only reason I'm urging everyone to sign it. Naturally, it's only one way, but we must do everything we can to keep class hatred from growing.

I never told you, did I, how I first came to be interested in the Class Struggle? My dear, it was too funny. Lulu and I had such an exciting experience over it, the year before Gery and I were married. You remember, we were staying in Chicago at Gery's house party for the Republican convention, and Lulu and I went to every session by ourselves. Really, it was too wonderful! We had any number of exciting experiences, but the one I mean was the day we spoke to a man sitting next to us whom we'd never met—you know, one of the other people in the gallery. He stepped on Lulu's parasol, and he was so mortified that she made some sort of casual, general remark, and they began talking, and, really, he was one of the nicest persons in the world. He turned out to be a college man. I mean he'd gone to one of those western colleges, but he was really most intelligent, and we had a quite thrilling conversation! No, there wasn't an atom of impertinence in his manner. He was thoroughly nice. We talked about politics. I suppose he was a Progressive, and I'm sure Gery wouldn't have liked his ideas at all. He was quite different from the men in Rhode Island. But Lulu and I became perfectly fascinated with his point of view about politics, and his whole feeling about the Class Struggle.

He seemed to think that the working people had the most enormous number of grievances, and that there was a real unrest back of all this Progressive movement. Of course, Gery had told me that Mr. Crane had told him that it was really a question of Mr. Roosevelt's personal ambition, but I could hardly tell this to a stranger, so Lulu and I were perfectly content to make him talk. One thing I liked, he didn't rant for a second. While we were there a gigantic young football player from Wisconsin named Cochineal, or something, began a furious speech from the platform about the Republican party, but he bellowed so tremendously that he lost his voice and he had to finish in a hoarse whisper which no one could hear. If they only knew when to stop, but they never do, do they? Anyway, he was much too violent. This man we talked to wasn't in the least violent. I couldn't quite make out what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt, and he just smiled when we quoted something that dear Senator Lodge had told us, but the one thing that seemed to impress him was the Class Struggle and the ownership of something or other—not municipal ownership, but something like that. He was tremendously in earnest about it, and before he'd talked long we literally hung on his words.

It is curious, but I don't believe I had ever spoken so long before to an utter stranger. In Providence, you know, we didn't go out to meetings, and somehow being in Chicago was a sort of adventure, and the enormous crowds swallowed up all sorts of barriers. I really began to want to speak to everybody! It was nice, though, that this was a college man. I don't know why we couldn't have guessed it. He didn't somehow seem like a Yale man.

Lulu must have attracted him greatly, because he spoke to her all the time. I felt, of course, that he was quite hipped on the subject of poverty. He

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had the most fantastic ideas about oppression and hardship. He seemed to imagine that this country was just like England and the old world. The poverty of London used to be too dreadful. I acknowledge that. You remember the way ragged men used to run after the taxis to get sixpence for opening the door. It was hideous to see those fearful men gasping after the taxis so hopelessly. I don't see how it was allowed. Parts of Chicago are horrid, I admit, and thoroughly uncomfortable in the hot summer months, but I did not believe for a moment all the stastis—statit—all the figures that he hurled at us. He had any number of facts at his fingertips, and I couldn't pretend to argue with him, but I was completely convinced that he was one-sided. Facts are pretty boring, anyway, don't you think? But he knew all sorts of lurid things about the stockyards and the railways and the steel mills, and at the time Lulu and I were swept off our feet.

Isn't it funny, I haven't remembered this conversation till now? You know, ever since Bessie's boy went to France I have been wondering what I could do to help. I'm awfully young to be his aunt, but any woman can imagine how a mother feels now, and nothing can be more solemn than our responsibility to these perfectly splendid boys who've gone to France. Of course, you know how I feel about France. I haven't words to express my admiration of the French. I think they have been too marvelous ever since the war began. But in times like these one must do something as well as talk, to help in a practical way. You know how I disapprove of public work for women. I've always agreed with Mr. Lodge that woman's place is actually in the home, and even if all the suffragists have been delighted to seize on every excuse the war gives them to go into munition factories and get on committees, nothing can persuade me that there's any excuse for making a public exhibition of oneself. Perhaps I may change my point of view about ambulance uniforms. I do think Janet looks too sweet in hers, and I have no objection to Red Cross uniforms or canteen work or war stamps. But I believe in remaining normal as much as possible. There is no good for the men to win the war if all the women are going to behave like men and be unnatural afterwards. We ought to remain women, I say. But I'm so pleased, just the same, that some one has taken up the question of bridge. If you don't play bridge, you can't possibly realize how serious it is, and I'm genuinely grateful to the Chronicle for taking it up. I like the Chronicle, don't you? It's so beautifully printed. Did you see the King's letter reproduced in it? It is signed by the Earl of Cromer, asking for just the ordinary edition. I do think that's democratic! They sent him a special number, and he asks for the one the general public reads. Yes, it's a dollar a copy, and only for subscribers, but still I do think the King is democratic! The really splendid thing in this issue, though, is the Solemn Protest Against Bridge. I do admire all the women who've signed it. All their signatures are reproduced in facsimile, and let me read you what it says.

"We, the undersigned, do condemn the playing of bridge in times of war as a contemptible waste of time, an evil example to set and a form of idleness unworthy of our place as American citizens.

"We believe that by playing bridge, men and women of wealth and leisure give to the exponents of class hatred a weapon to wield against the unity of the United States and its long-cherished institutions.

"Therefore, we sign this appeal to players of bridge who may not have considered the widespread influence of their apathy to the common weal, to foreswear the playing of bridge until the end of the war and to persuade others to cease this time-killing, useless pastime."

Isn't it splendid! I have no idea who got it up, but I do wish everyone could see it. Everything that man said to me about the Class Struggle convinces me that we must do nothing to add fuel to the fire, and I think it is very demoralizing for the servants to see us playing bridge for hours and hours. The servants tell the tradespeople, don't you see, and the tradespeople tell everybody, and there you are.

Why not get up A Solemn Protest Against Lapdogs? My dear, you're not serious? But I do think we ought to give up wearing pearl necklaces. I hope the Chronicle will consider that. I've set my face against the mere idea of appearing anywhere in jewelry. I've put away nearly everything—for the period of the war. LYDIA C. HEARD.

Epilogue

Some music out of silence has been blown
  Down these deserted corridors. At dusk
  The gardens war with bergamot and musk;
Behind dim doors the flutes and viols drone.
O antique tunes, O perfumes long made one
  With comedies forgotten, can it be
  This moment has some touch to draw from me
Such things as lie undreamed beneath the sun?

Hark how the twilight plays upon my heart!—
  With subtle fingers plucking forth again
    Old, drowsy waltzes, half-remembered bars
Of delicate songs that seem to be a part
  Of carnivals for which no masks remain—
    Known of some night as thickly sown with stars.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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Should We Remake the Constitution?

IN some ways the most impressive feature of the reconstruction programme now before the British Labor party for adoption is its virtually complete omission of any purely political demands. The programme is incomparably the most radical and far-reaching ever put forward by any party in the world having a relative strength comparable to that of the Labor party. But it finds no apparent necessity for a change in the political mechanism. It takes it for granted that once the party obtains a secure majority in the House of Commons, its political problem is solved. As soon as it succeeds, it may truly say " L'Etat, c'est moi."

It would be trite to point out how vastly different would be the situation in which the Labor party would find itself here; that to capture a majority of the congressional districts would be the beginning of its task; that it would still remain to capture a majority of the states and a group of states having a majority of the presidential electoral vote, and that, these things accomplished and made effective over a period of four years, its control over the national lawmaking power would for the first time be secure.

But suppose all these difficulties overcome. Suppose our American reconstruction party has obtained a secure control of Senate, House and Presidency. Immediately, of course, it would find itself beset with new difficulties of which the British Labor party is blissfully ignorant. On the one hand it would find its power to enact national programmes severely circumscribed by the powers reserved to the states; and even within the prescribed sphere it would be checked at a hundred points by the constitutional guaranties of private property.

At first blush the times seem to give the lie to any allegation of weakness in the national power. The drastic and far-reaching operations of the national government display a vigor which would seem amply adequate to the demands of even the most generous programme of reconstruction. Yet the day when reconstruction becomes a present issue, the first day of peace, will see that vigor enter a decline. In its most striking aspects it springs chiefly from the war power. When that power ceases to exist, the relative impotence of the national government as compared with the British or French governments will become all the more manifest.

First will come doubtless the abrogation of controls already developed, such as those over food and fuel. But more positive indications will soon be felt. In the welter of economic readjustment which the return of peace must bring the strong arm of the national government will more than ever be called on to take up new burdens. But in the field of regulation and control the arteries of national power will again be constricted by forty-eight state boundary lines; while to the demands for constructive action—be it social insurance, a redefinition of the law governing labor unions, or the public ownership of certain types of natural resources—an evasive Congress will again be able to respond with its familiar non possumus.

Do these radical defects in our constitutional machinery preclude the possibility of a thoroughgoing reconstruction programme until they are cured? That they do not is the plain lesson of our history. They cannot prevent reconstruction, but they will grievously delay and impair it. Given in this country a party of approximately the same strength and distribution as the Labor party, our constitutional system might even under favorable conditions compel it to lag in the realization of its programme at least a decade behind its British brother. Under adverse conditions the difference might easily become a generation.

True, we have no Labor party here, and are not likely to have for some time any major party with anything like so thoroughgoing a programme of social reconstruction. Doubtless the prospect before us is that what reconstruction is in store will come, as so often in our history, not through the consistent and thoroughgoing action of a single homogeneous party, but piecemeal through the interplay of minority interests, whether acting as factions of majority parties, or as independent minority parties. But that is all the more reason for concern over the inefficiency of our constitutional machinery. For it is in the effective functioning of minority groups that its inefficiency is most patent.

Doubtless resort will first be had to the time-honored method of gradually wearing down constitutional restrictions—the President and Congress taking the initiative with unconstitutional legislation and the Supreme Court reluctantly " distinguishing " out of existence the constitutional obstacle. The extension of the national power at the expense of the states may quite possibly come in this way. But even this prolonged, arduous and discouraging repetition in the years ahead of our unhappy constitutional history will be of little value in curing what is in one view the most fundamental of our constitutional defects—the division of national

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power between Senate, House and the President.

Constitutional revision, fundamental and courageous, thus becomes, not only in the nature of things, but by the practical necessities of the case, a basic demand of all who look to an unobstructed flow of popular forces after the war. But here again we encounter a constitutional obstacle, the supremely obstructive machinery of amendment. To wait for Congress, by a two-thirds majority, to apply itself to the task of a fundamental reconsideration of our constitutional structure is a prospect only less hopeless than to expect it from judicial decision. And it is most hopeless too at precisely the same point as is the judicial process, in curing the constitutional division of responsibility for the conduct of our national government.

In this posture of affairs, it becomes of more than academic interest to speculate on the possibility of making use of the alternative route, laid out by the Constitution but never yet travelled upon, by which the initiation of constitutional revision may conceivably come—a national constitutional convention. The extreme desirability of such a convention seems almost too obvious. At worst it could not fail to do substantial good; at best it might easily be epoch making.

Its superiority to Congress as a constituent assembly would be enormous. Its personnel, if state constitutional conventions furnish any indication, would rank measurably above that of Congress. It would be free from the suspicion of self-interest, of seeking to enhance or preserve its own prerogatives. Single-chambered, single in task and purpose, focusing upon itself the nation's interest in a way that Congress has not in decades been able to do, it might confidently be expected to produce both in form and substance a better result than would Congress. On the political side its value would be equally high. It would offer at once a forum and a meeting place for liberals of all degrees and shades. The election of delegates would give us the first national political campaign in our history with personalities and partisan recriminations thrust into the background. Supplemented by the deliberations of the convention, they would bring to the electorate a profound political education and experience.

But the convention can be summoned only by action of the legislatures of two-thirds of the states; and even after the much heralded chastening and cleansing influence of the war upon our national life has had time to bear, it is hardly likely that a proposal can be got through thirty-two state legislatures merely by force of right reason. Descending, therefore, from the sphere of political science to that of realpolitik, is there anything in the proposal for a constitutional amendment which warrants the hope that there can be rallied to its support any element more numerous and influential than that of the post graduate seminars? Quite possibly there is. For it proposes to set up a new instrumentality of power which a number of independent groups may each see a chance of turning to its own advantage.

The constitution does not prescribe the apportionment of representation in, or the vote required for action by, the convention; but it is fair to assume that in both respects its organization will be more favorable to the adoption of new proposals than that of Congress. But in any case, its single chamber—for it is unthinkable that Congress could inflict the bicameral principle upon us in the face of the memorable precedent of 1787—would tremendously facilitate radical action. Again, being convened for the express purpose of constitutional revision, its committees would obviously give more willing and thorough consideration to all proposals than can fairly be expected from the Senate and House Judiciary Committees—those century-old graveyards of still-born constitutional amendments. Moreover, even though the convention might seem to offer to certain groups but little prospect of the passage of their proposals, it would offer to all a national advertising medium of enormous value.

The groups to which the idea of a constitutional convention might be expected to appeal most strongly are those of political rather than economic reformers—the initiative, referendum and recall enthusiasts, the "gateway" amendment proponents, the short ballot and proportional representation propagandists, and, as already seen, the advocates of executive government. So, too, a measure of support might be expected from the social reformers—those whose interest lies in uniform marriage and divorce laws, a more direct national control of education and public health and the like. But economic parties of the more radical cast could also be expected to lend support. The support of the Socialist party would seem almost certain—that of the Non-Partisan League very likely. If by any chance the new national party should acquire any strength, its support for the convention would follow of necessity from its programme. And if the Senate continues to defy the Woman's party, why should not it too give the movement a boost?

With the publicity that could be developed by elements so diverse and resourceful, might it not be possible to convince even thirty-two legislatures that our constitutional system was in a bad way—that it could no longer be left to the mercies of our regular political practitioners but required the attention of constitutional specialists, in convention assembled?

LEWIS MAYERS.

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The Education of Joan and Peter

VII

Looking at the World

BUT school and university are only the formal part of a modern education. The larger part of the education of every human being is, and always has been and must be, provided by the Thing that Is. Every adult transaction has as its most important and usually most neglected aspect its effect upon the minds of the young. Behind school and university the empire itself was undesignedly addressing Joan and Peter. It was, so to speak, gesticulating at them over their teachers' heads and under their teachers' arms. It was performing ceremonies and exhibiting spectacles of a highly suggestive nature.

In a large and imposing form certain ideas were steadfastly thrust at Joan and Peter. More particularly was the idolization of the monarchy thrust upon them. In terms of zeal and reverence the press, the pulpit, and the world at large directed the innocent minds of Joan and Peter to the monarch as if that individual were the Reason, the Highest Good and Crown of the collective life. Nothing else in the world of Joan and Peter got anything like the same tremendous show. Their early years were colored by the reflected glories of the Diamond Jubilee; followed the funeral pomps of Queen Victoria, with much mobbing of negligent or impecunious people not in black by the loyal London crowd; then came the postponed and then the actual coronation of King Edward, public prayings for his health, his stupendous funeral glories; succeeded by the coronation of King George, and finally, about the time that Joan followed Peter up to Cambridge, the coronation Durbar. The multitude which could not go to India went at least to the Scala cinema, and saw the adoration in all its natural colors. Reverent crowds choked that narrow bye-street. Across all the life and activities of England, across all her intellectual and moral effort, holding up legislation, interfering with industry, stopping the traffic, masking every reality of the collective life, these vast formalities trailed with a magnificent priority. Nothing was respected as they were respected! Sober statesmen were seen invested in strange garments that no sensible person would surely wear except for the gravest reasons; the archbishops and bishops were discovered invoking the name of God freely, blessing the Crown with the utmost gravity, investing the Sovereign with Robe and Orb, Ring and Sceptre, anointing him with the golden Coronation Spoon. Either the Crown was itself a matter of altogether supreme importance to the land or else it was the most stupendous foolery that ever mocked and confused the grave realities of a great people's affairs.

The effect of it upon the minds of our two young people was—complicating. How complicating it is few people realize who have not closely studied the educational process of the British mind as a whole. Then it becomes manifest that the monarch, the state church, and the system of titles and social precedence centering upon the throne constitute a system of mental entanglements against which British education struggles at an enormous disadvantage. The monarchy in Great Britain is a compromise that was accepted by a generation regardless of education and devoid of any sense of the future. It is now a mask upon the British face; it is a gaudy and antiquated and embarrassing wrapping about the energies of the nation. Because of it Britain speaks to her youth, as to the world, with two voices. She speaks as a democratic republic, just ever so little crowned, and also she speaks as a succulently loyal Teutonic monarchy. Either she is an adolescent democracy whose voice is breaking or an old monarchy at the squeaking stage. Now her voice is the full, strong voice of a great people, now it pipes ridiculously. She perplexes the world and stultifies herself.

That was why her education led up to no such magnificent exposition and consolidation of purpose as Oswald dreamt of for his wards. Instead the track presently lost itself in a maze of prevarications and evasions. The country was double-minded; double-mindedness had become its habit and it had lost the power of decision. Every effort to broaden and modernize university education in Britain encountered insurmountable difficulties because of this fundamental dispersal of aim. The court got in the way, the country clergy got in the way, the ruling families got in the way. It is impossible to turn a wandering, chance-made track into a good road until you know where it is to go. And that question of destination was one that no Englishman before the war could be induced to put into plain language. Double-mindedness had become his second nature. From the very outset it had taken possession of him. When a young American goes to his teacher to ask why he should serve his state, he is shown a flag of thirteen stripes and eight and forty stars and told a very plain and inspiring history. His relations to his country are thenceforward as simple and unquestionable as a child's to its mother. He may be patriotic or unpatriotic, as a son may be dutiful or undutiful, but he will not be muddle-headed. But when Joan and Peter first began to realize that they belonged to the British Empire they were shown a little old German woman and told that reverence for her linked us in a common abjection with the millions of India. They were told also that really this little old lady did nothing of the slightest importance and that the country was the freest democracy on earth, ruled by its elected representatives. And each of these preposterously contradictory stories pursued them in an endless series of variations up to adolescence. . . .

To two naturally clear-headed young people it became presently as palpably absurd to have a great union of civilized states thus impersonated as it is to have Wall impersonated by Snout and Tinker in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." They were already jeering at royalty and the church long before they went up to Cambridge. There they found plenty of associates to jeer with them. And there too they found a quite congenial parallel stream of jeering against Parliament, which pretended to represent the national mind and quality, but which was elected by a method that manifestly gave no chance to any candidate who was not nominated by a party organization. In times of long established peace, when the tradition of generations has established the illusion of the profoundest human security, men's minds are not greatly distressed by grotesqueness and absurdity in their political forms. It is all part of the humor and the good-humor of life. When one believes that all the tigers in the jungle are dead, it is quite amusing to walk along the jungle paths in a dressing-gown with a fan instead of a gun. Joan and Peter grew up to the

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persuasion that the crown above them was rather a good joke, and that Parliament and its jobs and party flummery were also a joke, and that the large, deep rottenness in this British world about them was perhaps in the nature of things, and anyhow beyond their altering. They too were becoming double-minded according to the tradition of the land.

Yet beneath this acquiescence in the deep-rooted political paradox of Britain they were capable of the keenest interest in a number of questions that they really believed were alive. It became manifest to them that this great, golden, preposterous world was marred by certain injustices and unkindnesses. Something called Labor they heard was unhappy and complained of unfair treatment, certain grumblings came from India and Ireland, and there was a curiously exciting subject which demanded investigation and reforming activities called the sex question. And generally there seemed to be, for no particular reason, a lot of restrictions upon people's conduct.

In addition Peter had acquired from Oswald, rather by way of example than precept, a very definite persuasion, and Joan had acquired a persuasion that was perhaps not quite so clearly and deeply cut, that to make it respectable there ought to be something in one's life in the nature of special work. Peter thought that his work might perhaps be biological. But that one's work ought to join on to the work of the people, or that all the good work in the world should make one whole, was a notion that had not apparently entered Peter's mind. Oswald, with his dread of preachments, was doubtful about any deliberate dissertations in the matter.

At times he tried to say something to Joan and Peter of his conception of the empire as a great human enterprise playing a dominating part in the establishment of a world peace and a world civilization, and giving a form and direction and pride to every life within it. But these perpetual noises of royalty in its vulgarest and most personal form, the loyalist chatter of illiterate women and the clamor of the new imperialism to " tax the foreigner " and exploit the empire for gain, drowned his intention while it was still unspoken in his mind. The perpetual, obstructive tiresomeness of the old monarchy, the incurable, narrow baseness of the new imperialism, were both undermining Oswald's sustaining faith. There were moments when he could already ask himself whether this empire he had shaped his life to serve, this knightly empire of his, enlightened, righteous and predominant, was anything better than a lie—or a dream.

As Oswald grew to realize the political futility, the unimaginative insularity, of even the best available British education, the idea came to him of supplementing that jejune training by holiday travel. His idea was to show his wards something of the great world that existed outside British affairs. He had already taken Joan and Peter for a tour that began with a steamboat journey from Rotterdam to Mannheim and went by easy stages through South Germany to Vienna and Budapest. With the new year he went with Peter on a trip to Russia. He wanted the youngster to develop a vision of the European problem, for Peter seemed blind to the importance of international things. They had crossed to Flushing, gone straight through to Berlin, inspected Berlin for a few days, run on to St. Petersburg—it was not yet Petrograd—visited a friendly house near the Valdai Hills, spent a busy week in and about Moscow, and returned by way of Warsaw. They saw Germany, already trained like an athlete for the adventure of the coming war, and Russia, great and disorderly, destined to be taken unawares. Then they returned to England, to look again at their own country with eyes refreshed by these contrasts.

It was an expedition that left a multitude of vivid impressions upon Peter's memory; the still, cold, starry night of the departure for Harwich, the lit decks, the black waters, the foaming wake caught up by the ship's lights, the neat Dutch landscape with its black and white cows, shivering workers under a chill, red-nosed dawn pouring down by a path near the railway into the factories of some industrial town, the Sieges-Allee and the war trophies and public buildings of Berlin, the Sunday morning crowd upon Unter den Linden, white-trousered guards doing the goose-step opposite the Kaiser's palace, the large prosperity of the new suburbs of Berlin, North Germany under an iron frost, a crowd of children sliding and skating near Königsberg, the dingier, vaster effects of Russia, streets in Petrograd with shops all black and gold and painted with shining pictures of the goods on sale within to a population of illiterates, the night crowd in the People's Palace, a sledge drive of ten miles along the ice of a frozen river, a wooden country house behind a great stone portico, and a merry house party that went scampering out after supper to lie on the crisp snow and see the stars between the tree boughs, the chanting service in a little green-cupolaed church, a pretty village schoolmistress in peasant costume, the great red walls of the Kremlin rising above the Moskva, the first glimpse of that barbaric caricature, the cathedral of St. Basil, the painted magnificence of the Troitskaya monastery, a dirty, evil-smelling little tramp with his bundle and kettle, worshipping unabashed in the Uspenski cathedral, endless bearded priests, Tartar waiters with purple sashes, a whole population in furs and so looking absurdly wealthy to an English eye, a thousand such pictures, keen, bright and vivid against the background of white snow.

He and Oswald looked together at Moscow in the warm light of sunset. They were on the veranda of a hill-side restaurant, which commanded the huge bend of the river between the Borodinski and the Krymski bridges. The city lay, wide and massive, along the line of the sky, with little fields and a small church or so in the foreground. The six glittering domes of the great Church of the Redeemer rose in the centre against the high red wall and the clustering palaces and church cupolas of the Kremlin. Left and right of the Kremlin the city spread, a purple sea of houses and walls, flecked with snowy spaces and gemmed with red reflecting windows through which the river twisted like a silver eel. Moscow is a city of crosses, every church has its bulbous painted cupola and some have five or six, and every cupola carries its brightly gilded two-armed cross. The rays of the setting sun were now turning all these crosses to pale fire.

Oswald, in spite of his own sceptical opinions, was a little under the spell of the " Holy Russia " legend. " This isn't a city like the cities of western Europe, Peter," he said. " This is something different. These western cities, they grow out of the soil on which they stand; they are there forever like the woods and hills; there is no other place for London or Rouen or Rome except just where it stands; but this, Peter, is a Tartar camp, frozen. It might have been at Nizhni-Novgorod or Yaroslav or Kazan. It might be anywhere upon the Russian plain; only it happens to be here. It's a camp changed to wood and brick and plaster. That's the headquarters camp there, the Tsar's pavilions. And all these crosses everywhere are like the standards outside the tents of the captains."

" And where is it going? " said Peter, looking at Moscow

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over his fur collar, with his hands deep in his overcoat pockets.

"Asia advancing on Europe—with a new idea. . . . One understands Dostoievski better when one sees this. One begins to realize this Holy Russia as a sort of epileptic genius among nations—like his Idiot, insisting on moral truth, holding up the cross to mankind."

"*What* truth?" asked Peter.

"They seem to have the Christian idea. In a way we westerns don't. Dostoievski, Tolstoi and their endless schools of dissent have a character in common. Christianity to a Russian means Brotherhood."

"If it means anything," said Peter.

The youngster reflected.

"I wonder is there really this Russian idea? I don't believe very much in these national ideas."

"Say national character, then. This city with its endless crosses is so in harmony with Russian music, Russian art, Russian literature."

"Any city that had to be built here would have to look more or less like this," said Peter.

"If it was built by Americans?"

"If they'd lived here always," said Peter. "But we're arguing in a circle. If they'd have lived here always the things that have made the Russians Russians would have made them Russians. I've gone too far. Of course, there *is* a Russian character. They're wanderers, body and brain. Men of an endless land. But—."

"Well?"

"Not much of a Russian idea to it. . . . I don't believe a bit in all these crosses."

"You mean as symbols of an idea?"

"Yes. Of course, the cross has meant *something* to people. It must have meant tremendous things to some people. But men imitate. One sticks up a cross because it meant all sorts of deep things to him. Then the man down the road thinks he will have a cross, too. And the man up the road doesn't quite see what it's all about, but doesn't like to be out of it. So they go on, until sticking up crosses becomes a habit. It becomes a necessity. They'd be shocked to see a new church without four or five crosses on it. They organize a business in golden crosses. Everybody says, 'You *must* have a cross.' Long ago everyone has forgotten that deep meaning. . . ."

"H'm," said Oswald, "you think that?"

"It's just a crowd," said Peter, thinking aloud. "Underneath the crosses it's just a swarming and breeding of men. . . . Like any other men."

"But don't you think that all that million odd down there is held together by a distinctive idea? Don't you feel sometimes the Russian idea about you—like a smell of burnt wood on the breeze?"

"Well, call it a breeze," said Peter. "It's like a breeze blowing over mud. It blows now and then. It's forgotten before it is past. What does it signify?"

He was thinking as he talked. Oswald did not want to interrupt him, and just smiled slightly and looked at Peter for more.

"I don't think there's any great essential difference between cities," said Peter. "It's easy to exaggerate that. Mostly the differences are differences of scenery. Beneath the differences it's the same story everywhere; men shoving about and eating and squabbling and multiplying. We might just as well be looking at London from Hampstead Ridge, so far as the human facts go. Here things are done in red and black and gold against a background of white snow; there they are done in drab and grey and green. This is a land of dull tragedy instead of dull comedy, gold crosses on green onions instead of church spires, extremes instead of means; but it's all the same old human thing. Even the King and Tsar look alike; there's a state church here, dissenters, landowners. . . ."

"I suppose there is a sort of parallelism," Oswald conceded. . . .

"We're not big enough yet for big ideas, the Russian idea or the Christian idea or any such idea," said Peter. "Why pretend we have them?"

"Now that's just it," said Oswald, coming round upon him with an extended finger. "Because we want them so badly."

"Does everyone?"

"Yes. Consciously or not. That's where you and I are at issue, Peter."

"Oh, I don't *see* the ideas at work!" cried Peter. "Except as a sort of flourish of the mind. But look at the everyday life. Wherever we have been—in London, Paris, Italy, Berlin, here—we see every man who can afford it making for the restaurants and going where there are women to be got. Hunger, indulgence, and sex, sex, sex, sex." His voice was suddenly bitter. He turned his face to Oswald for a moment. "We're too little. These blind impulses—. I suppose there's a sort of impulse to beauty in it. Some day perhaps these forces will drive man up the scale of being. But as far as we've got—!"

He stared at Moscow again.

He seemed to have done.

"You think we're oversexed?" said Oswald after a pause.

The youngster glanced at his guardian.

"I'm not blind," he fenced.

Then he laughed with a refreshing cheerfulness. "It's youthful pessimism, Nobby. My mind runs like this because it's the fashion. We get so dosed with Schopenhauer and Nietzsche—usually at second-hand. We all *try* to talk like this. Don't mind me."

Oswald smiled back.

"Peter, you drive my spirit back to the Victorians," he said. "I want to begin quoting Longfellow to you. Life is real and life is earnest—."

"No!" Peter countered. "But it ought to be."

"Well, it becomes so. We have Science, and out of Science comes a light. We shall see the Will plainer and plainer."

"The Will?" said Peter, turning it over in his mind.

"Our own will, then," said Oswald. "Yours, mine, and every right sort of man's."

Peter seemed to consider it.

"It won't be a national will, anyhow," he said, coming back to Moscow. "It won't be one of these national ideas. No Holy Russia—or Old England, for the matter of that. They're just loose syndications of unteachableness. . . . No. I don't know of this Will at all—*any* Will, Nobby. I can't see or feel this Will. I wish I could. . . ."

He had said his say. Oswald turned again to the great spectacle of the city. Did all those heavenward crosses now sinking into the dusk amount to no more than a glittering emanation out of the fen of life, an unmeaning ignis fatuus born of a morass of festering desire that had already forgotten it? Or were these crosses indeed an appeal and a promise? Out of these millions of men would Man at last arise? . . .

Slowly, smoothly, unfalteringly, the brush of twilight

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had been sweeping its neutral tint across the spectacle, painting out the glittering symbols one by one. A chill from outer space fell down through the thin Russian air, a dark transparent curtain. Oswald shivered in his wadded coat. Abruptly down below, hard by a ghostly white church, one little lamp and then another pricked the deepening blue. A little dark tram-car that crept towards them out of the city ways to fetch them back into the city suddenly became a glow-worm. . . .

H. G. WELLS.

A COMMUNICATION

England and India—II

SIR: What, then, is the problem which confronts the imperial power, just sixty years after the East India Company was deprived of its anomalous privileges? It is to find a way by which an immense centralized bureaucracy may be transformed into a system of responsible government, and a population of 315 millions, extraordinarily diversified in race, tradition and development, brought into organic relationship with the British Empire as a commonwealth of free nations. The broad outlines of the problem will appear if we trace briefly the story of the constitutional reform movement from the point at which it was taken up twelve years ago by the most eminent of liberal Secretaries of State.

John—now Viscount—Morley became head of the India office at a difficult moment. Disaffection was widely prevalent in India. Political agitation was entering upon the violent stage. Admittedly, reforms were overdue; but the extremists were an obstacle, while the Civil Service and the Anglo-Indian commercial community were alike determined to resist every change which threatened to diminish the authority of the ruling race. Lord Morley did a notable work, which, it is safe to say, no other statesman of the day could have done. The story, very fully told in the second volume of his Recollections, is not likely to be forgotten by any student of contemporary politics who has read it. The Indian Councils Act of 1909, though practically an agreed measure, was thought by Parliament to be a somewhat daring advance. Its author himself declared that it was not a step towards "parliamentary government," and British conservatives hoped that it would keep India quiet for at least a generation. It enlarged the legislative councils, introduced a very restricted scheme of election and gave the Indian opposition increased opportunities for criticism and debate. But it did not, in fact, carry India a yard in the direction of responsible government, while it provided no fresh opportunities for executive experience—except in the case of a half-dozen or so prominent Indians appointed to the executive councils of the viceroy and provincial governors. So urgent, however, was the need for reforms, and so unprepared was the official and political world for anything in the nature of fundamental change, that no one at that time was interested in pointing out that the Morley Act was an interim expedient and by the nature of things could not be made the foundation of a developing scheme. Today, however, without in any way detracting from the credit of Lord Morley's achievement, we can see the necessity of making a fresh start. Even if it were possible, nothing could be gained by extending the elective element in legislative bodies having no power and reducing the voting force of the nominated members, official or otherwise. Either India must continue to be ruled from outside and above, or else men of Indian birth must be provided with the opportunity for learning the business of administration and exercizing responsibility in its discharge. And it is, of course, true that under the system soon to be superseded the people of India have had everything done for them.

It is not greatly to be wondered at that Indian political leaders of the past generation did not succeed in making much of a contribution towards the solution of the most puzzling problem of government in the modern world. The elders of the National Congress were not masters of public administration. They were, perhaps of necessity, absorbed in criticism and agitation, and were not in a position to think in institutions. On the whole, it would be true to say that they were looking for influence rather than for responsibility. Even G. K. Gokhale—who to the parliamentary gift of debate joined powers which would have made him an admirable minister of finance, of the interior, or of education—held to the end of his life a belief in the virtue of advisory bodies bearing no responsibility. As for the more extreme nationalists, they were uninterested in machinery—being persuaded, like all of their kind, that if only the flame of freedom be kept bright, every other needful thing will be added in good time.

Affairs have moved at high speed since the outbreak of war. So convinced was the then Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, of British security in India that when four years ago the call came for military help from India to the western front, he allowed the British garrison to be reduced from 75,000 to 15,000. The war contribution of India—in men, munitions, money and remedial services—has been immense. Indian troops have fought on all the fronts; in all about a million volunteers have been raised, and it has lately been announced that an additional half-million is to be recruited. The direct connection between such facts as these and the almost universal agreement as to the new status of India in the imperial commonwealth and the urgency of constitutional reconstruction, is not perhaps self-evident. But the agreement is there, and none will deny that it is an inspiring phenomenon.

Conservative England has come strongly into line. Sir Valentine Chirol, for twenty years the most powerful defender in the British press of the older Curzonian view, confessed his conversion to the principle of a self-governing India and carried the London Times with him. Mr. J. L. Garvin proclaims with fervor and emphasis what the writers of the Round Table develop in a careful process of reasoning. And, as a consequence, the joint proposals of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State command an extraordinary unity of support.

The proposals, as set forth in an elaborate report already famous, are the fruit of some eight months of inquiry and consultation in India on the part of the Secretary of State. When Mr. Montagu reached India last autumn he found a vigorous agitation going forward on behalf of a scheme of self-government upon which the National Congress and the

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All-India Moslem League had united their forces some months before, largely under the stimulus applied by Mrs. Besant and the Home Rule League. The central point of this scheme was the direct control of the executive by elected legislatures. It is reviewed and condemned in the report, and the Administration's project of responsible government is the development of an idea which has no real place in the legislative machinery devised by the Indian political leaders. It is right, however, to say that while the idea adopted by Mr. Montagu was applied to the Indian system first by Mr. Lionel Curtis, without the energy and persistence of the National Congress and kindred organizations, without the widespread educative effect of their propaganda, India would not be prepared for the great experiment upon which in the near future the welfare of so large a part of the British Empire will depend.

The essential details of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme are to be expounded in this journal by another hand. In concluding this brief preliminary account of a situation which has no parallel in history, I add a word on the general outlook. Those citizens of Great Britain whose thought and public work have been inspired by a high faith in the ideal of the British Commonwealth have the right to be encouraged by the movement we are watching today. It may well be that the Montagu proposals will be greatly modified as they pass through the fire. But the programme is there, and the purpose, and the vision. A distinguished teacher of political science, writing in England the other day, said: "They are embodied in proposals which only an Englishman would think of, for they offend against every conceivable rule of political wisdom and logic. No Frenchman and no German would look at them. But, with good will and with honesty of purpose, they will work." And let us not forget that for this or some alternative scheme to work would mean putting the crown of final justification upon the greatest adventure in imperial administration ever known in the world.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Are Farm Hands People?

SIR: My husband has been a tenant on a 35-acre farm for three years. During that time we managed to make a reasonably decent living by hard work. Our farm was sold, and renewal of the yearly lease refused us, by a book salesman, who is transforming it into a non-productive country seat. My husband, unable to find a workable farm on the rental basis, has hired himself out to other farmers. He makes $3 a day—which is considered good pay, sometimes $3.50. He must travel seven miles to the only available work in our vicinity. He leaves at six in the morning and returns for his supper at nine. He never really sees the children for they are asleep when he leaves in the morning and in bed for the night long before he returns. For this work he gets an average of $15 a week—at most. He is paid by the day, you see, and, through rain, one and a half days of the week usually are lost in enforced idleness for which he is not paid. Fortunately we have a mother who has allowed us to borrow from her the constant margin between his earnings and our expenses, which, rent, food and sundries included for two adults and two babies are $25 a week—at its lowest.

My neighbor on the right has five little children. She pays $5 a month for the rent of a wretched hole, which was once a country store, with not even the privilege of garden space. No plastering covers the baldness of its dirty, wooden walls. Her husband, a farmer also, earns $18 a week, steady, and with present prices for foodstuffs all they can manage to do is to buy food and pay their rent. And that in the strictest sense of a diet of bread—six loaves a day for the growing children—milk, pork, syrup and potatoes. She and her children wear patched up rags of mysterious origin. Her last baby, now eighteen months old, was ill with fever, and him, as well as the others, she has nursed back to health guided only by a desperate animal instinct. Never a doctor because there was no money with which to pay him, and the county health officer—I know he exists somewhere, but as far as material vision is concerned, as formless as a deity. We, her neighbors, say she is a bit of a poor manager—not that we encourage her to better ways!—but why should any living being *have* to manage on such a shaky, little rope of existence? Her husband, too, walks to work, four miles, and back—there has never been surplus enough to pay for a second-hand bicycle.

These are some of the reasons why I am bewildered, to speak mildly, when I read in the newspapers of the prosperity of the farmers—does it mean farm owners?—the high wages paid, the crying need for farm laborers, their military exemption because of the importance of their war time task, huge appropriations to be loaned to them for the cultivation of the land. Perhaps all this governmental solicitude and benevolence is for farm owners. I know none of it directly or indirectly reaches the palm of the farm hand who lives on his own and is paid by the day. As a consequence my husband, who is young and progressive, who is a good farmer, and who loves the land, will be forced off it and into some sort of factory labor which he hates, but which pays him a living wage. Circumstances in turn have forced us into the towns as we have seen others go—not because they wish to, but because they must, if they are to have bread—literally.

MARY VAN NOSTRAND.

West Nyack, New York.

Woodrow Wilson—Parliamentary Leader

SIR: In a London constituency last month there was a by-election for the House of Commons. The Coalition candidate was a well-known London Liberal, Mr. H. E. A. Cotton, who had no difficulty in winning the seat. His address to the electors of East Finsbury was a brief document which should interest all good Americans. With the exception of a few introductory words as to the candidate's support of the Coalition Government's war policy and a brief appeal for national unity, the address was composed entirely of quotations from President Wilson's Independence Day speech on the aims of the Allies in the war.

Faithfully yours,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

New York City.

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Books and Things

THE hero of Mr. Charles Norris's Salt looks back on the four years of his college life and declares that it has been useless. He has only learned to spend money. He has been fitted for no practical employment. I suppose the complaint would be re-echoed by half the undergraduates of America. They take, more and more, all sorts of specialized courses to fit them for the business world—and there are not a few colleges where shorthand and typewriting have become an integral part of the curriculum. I have had students who are convinced that the only thing worth while is accounting. They can read a whole philosophy into it; at least, I believe, that it results in the rejection of the Hegelian metaphysic. Certainly they think Plato old and Emerson commonplace; and the defect of Shelley is clearly seen when you remember that he failed to secure the proper circulation of his pamphlets. He stood on the roof of a Dublin inn and threw them down to the crowd. Of course, today he would have had them published by the Carnegie institution.

It is the modern note; and it is useless to deny that the theories of a university that men like Newman so nobly laid down are hardly understood, much less received with sympathy. Oxford and Cambridge are commonly regarded as sweet, old places where people mutter Plato to each other in the street. If you are going to teach you want to go to Germany for a degree. The seminar is businesslike, and, at least before the war, a recommendation from Edward Meyer or Schmoller was good for a post in the smaller colleges. Nowadays Spanish is eagerly studied to promote commercial intercourse with South America. Latin and Greek, as we all know, are almost dead. Philosophy causes no great excitement. History before 1815 is regarded as antiquated. Politics began with Theodore Roosevelt. Literature means Mr. Masters and Kipling and Guy de Maupassant.

I hold no brief for the past, and, doubtless, it made mistakes and to spare. But I think it had a certain fine depth of intellectual seriousness that is lacking in our generation. It cared for mind for its own sake. It bought books in plenty, it felt Goethe and Dante, Lamb and Hazlitt important people about whom it was worth while to know. The intellectual movement stirred it deeply and it worshipped its men of letters. It is a fascinating thing to go over the shelves of an old college library and study the content of its bequests. We collected our own books then; now we leave an order with a dealer who forms our library on angling. It even seems that they discussed in those days; and the college life did not centre round the stadium. You had a proper sense of shame when you had not read Gibbon. Science had not become a routine and its conflict with the Mosaic cosmogeny stirred the foundation of men's thoughts. They came to college, in fact, to learn the thinking process, and they have no reason for a sense of shame. At least you can read in the letters of men like Leslie Stephen how deeply they cared about the American friendships of their youth.

By his very inauguration the college president has foresworn audacity, but it would be splendid indeed if one of them broke into revolt and foreswore the modern note. He would write a passage in his annual report in which he said that he was not going to have instruction in eugenics and statistics and bookkeeping and salesmanship. He would have all technical studies transferred, as law is transferred, to the graduate schools. He would try, instead, to make the minds of his students finely tempered instruments without particular reference to any immediate situation. He would announce, for instance, that three times a week Professor Blank would explain what he understood ethics to mean; and because Professor Blank discussed ethics that would not mean that his colleague, Professor Y. (who happens to disagree with Blank's pragmatist opinions) should not lecture also on ethics that the errors of pragmatic morals should suffer proper dissection. In politics there would be no cut and dried division, but A and B and C would choose topics of interest and give out the fullness of their mind upon them. No examinations would be held in the courses and no text-books would be used. At the end of four years the student would have a purely general examination in the subject—history or politics or chemistry—which he had chosen as the field of his interest. And if he failed he would not get a degree.

Of course, it will be said, that throws an enormous intellectual burden on the student. If he is not told what to read, if he does not hear correct views, if his note-book is not crammed with neatly articulated facts, the outcry will be terrible. I wonder. Sometimes you get a student who doesn't take a note, but sits back and listens and asks the inconvenient questions that put you on your mettle. He comes round to borrow a book and stays to tea. You talk on and on, books, teachers, his ideas, his friends—and next year he is reading eagerly and keenly of his own accord. You can get him quite excited about the origin of the borough or the exact value of Mr. Russell's logic. He won't know, I grant you, the variations introduced into the Lactonic theory of value by Von Unterheim Guggenmeyer, and it may even be that he will not greatly care to know them. But the movement of thought will interest him passionately and he will see the splendor of books and the richness of ideas. He will leave college with a mind trained to work, capable of seeing the principles in the facts, discontented with formulæ, shunning all but the sources of original-mindedness.

It is perhaps an unworthy ideal. Perhaps we ought to make immediate preparation for an income the real business of education; be willing, like Mr. Britling's Heinrich, to accept the status of philologist into which it has pleased God and the German emperor to call us. But, if you have ever seen the business man buying a book, you will know that it's not altogether unworthy. A college man so learned won't think, as the T. B. M. will tell you, that Mr. Galsworthy has "style, you know, but no mind," or that Mr. Shaw is just a vicious jester. He won't think it supremely important that Bertrand Russell is in prison and Sir Edward Carson in the Privy Council. He will have a mind receptive to Meredith as well as Trollope, to Mr. Howells as well as Robert W. Chambers. His conversation in the Pullman car won't turn at once to the cost of living or the latest German atrocity or the new stance he has learned in golf. Life for him won't be a belching forth from the suburbs downtown and a tired return in an overcrowded train back into the suburbs. He won't have to make his home an annex to his business. He won't feel that the poor are there to enable him to be charitable or that the clergy is professionally licensed to be out of date. He is bound, perhaps, to be somewhat more of a solitary, less dependent on Broadway and the editorials of the New York Times. But he will have the secret of perennial youth. He will be interested in life itself for its own sake. And that is the one sure preventive against the tyranny of old age.

H. J. L.

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The Voice of Kansas

The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me, by William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ON both sides of the war there are Hamlets and Calibans—men whose weakness takes the form of irresolution, men whose weakness takes the form of savagery. The neverenders are Calibans whose hidden hatreds back up like sewage at the thought of killing an enemy—any enemy. These gentlemen may be writers or clergymen or politicians or professors. For years, if they are true Calibans, they have probably suffered some horrible frustration. They have lost a job they were looking for, or a fortune, or a wife, or a famousness. And the beautiful chance to hate, to wreak their vengeance on a public enemy, is a luxury they cannot deny themselves. Men I know whose hope has been soured for years have become the most ferocious bellmen of this war. They keep tar bubbling in their brains perpetually and live with a warehouse of feathers. The mere thought of a sick Hamlet inflames them. They dream of the fat pale irresolute, the puffing and procrastinating brother, and they grind and growl while they dream that they are slaying this peanut constrictor. Every man is a bit of a Hamlet, perhaps, and every man a bit of a Caliban—especially in hot weather. But the worst Caliban of all is the green-yellow Hamlet of the day before yesterday, the man with a sick inside who daren't look inside, the fellow whose neurasthenia demands that he make a noise like Hercules.

It is a relief to turn from Hamlet and Caliban to the fine, free sage of Emporia. When we had the Caliban projection of the U. S. A., in 1916, there was no Kansas on it. The entire Middle West was hidden in obloquy. But somehow, somewhere about April, 1917, the Middle West lifted its bright young face and, overleaping the war-dogs and the warlocks, beheld the business of America. It is this business, the Red Cross end of it, that William Allen White and Henry J. Allen grasped for themselves in the remote fastnesses of the country. Stopping at New York long enough to buy cotton uniforms, they shipped to France early in 1917, to do their own share and draw their own moral. Without the assistance of New York, after all, they had once been Progressives, and Progressives never hampered by bit, spur, saddle or bridle. In 1916, as we remember, they both had attended the burial of the Republican hatchet and had dutifully wept for Cock Robin on election day. But the habit of Kansas stood by them when it came to making the world safe for democracy. It was their own old job in Wichita and Emporia, and they went to Europe with a firm conviction that the war was a colossal annex to their progressivism. No sedentary rancor poisoned them, on one hand, nor were they confused, on the other, between Lincoln, Nebraska, and Lincoln, America. All they did—with the tenacity of their accent—was to interpret the war as an extension, a deep and searching continuation, of the tasks to which they had dedicated their Kansan lives.

You can feel all of Kansas surging up in William Allen White when he starts to the war with Henry Allen. On the surface he is a jay, a jocund jay, with facetiousness and sentimentalism jostling one another to capture him, and a sob chasing laughter to his lips. But under that rounded surface there is the big, sincere, straight readjustment of a lifetime of civility and good-nature to the mess of manslaughter that is war. You find no Hun-hater in William Allen White. You simply find an American who has at last carried Kansas to the planet, and espoused the planet on the terms of his long-upheld, authenticated morality. It is a clean and wholesome sight. The sentiment is often a bit thick, to cover up the powerful realities exhaled by a war now four years old. But beneath the sentiment there is the survival of something more than the idiom of Emporia. There is the cause of the Allies ringing true to Kansas. Not in regard to the juggling of territory or the smearing of democratic unguents, but in regard to a fatal policy of callous and calculated transgression and the need for the broad re-emphasis of a totally different creed.

One could quote a good deal from Mr. White on the subject of his pants or on Henry Allen's diabolical attitude toward onion soup, but outside these surgings and bubblings of a strong, native humor there are genuinely momentous expressions on the meaning of the war. France, for example, Mr. White has seen with that depth of insight which is only given to men of pure spirit. He confesses the facts of French mutiny and the nature of French grumbling, and there he says, after a glimpse of French villages dripped broken from the jaws of war, "We were beginning to realize slowly what a hell of torture and disease and suffering this war means to France. Half a million tuberculars in her homes, spreading poison there; two million homeless refugees quartered beyond the war zone; millions of soldiers living in the homes fifty miles back from the line, every month bringing new men to these homes left by their comrades returning to the battle front; air raids by night slaying women and babies; commerce choked with the offering to the war god; soldiers filling the highways; food, clothing and munitions taking all the space upon the railroads; fuel almost prohibitively high; food scarce; and always talk of the war—of nothing, absolutely nothing, but the war and its horrors. That France has held so long under this curse proves the miracle of her divine courage! As we sat under the shrouded torches in the inn courtyard and considered what life really means to the men and women of St. Dizier, once more we wondered how we at home would react under the terrific punishment which these people are taking; what would Wichita do with her houses bombed, her homes crowded with refugees; her parks and schools and public buildings turned into barracks, her stores filled with gaping empty shelves, her railroad yards clogged with munitions, and even the mourners going about the street and man to his long home."

Here you have the tradition of a rich and serene success stripping its eyes to look at "this awful storm that is testing the stoutest souls in the world." And you see the serenity and richness laid aside, and the fight embraced, with "a fine lot, just joyous, honest, brave, young Americans," waved ahead to the harsh, the necessary, enterprise.

"But the things that roll off the laps of the gods," says this wise man, "after humanity has put its destinies there, sometimes are startlingly different from the expected fruits of victory. We fight the war for one thing, win the war and get quite another thing. The great war now waging began in a dispute over spheres of influence, market extensions, Places in the Sun and Heaven knows what of that sort of considerations. Great changes in these matters, of course, must come out of the war. But boundaries and markets will fluctuate with the decades and centuries. The important changes that will come out of this war—assuming that the Allies win it—will be found in the changed relations of men. The changes will be social and economic, and they will be institutional and lasting. For

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generally speaking, such changes as approach a fair adjustment of the complaints of the 'have nots' against the 'haves' in life, are permanent changes. Kings, overlords, potentates, politicians, capitalists, high priests—masters of various kinds—find it difficult to regain lost privileges and perquisites. And in this war Germany stands clearly for the 'haves.' If Germany wins, autocracy will hood its losing ground all over the world. For the same autocracy in Berlin lives in Wall Street, and in the 'city' in London, and in the caste and class interests of Italy and France. But junkerdom in Germany alone among the nations of the earth rests on the divine right of Kings that is the last resort of privilege. In America we have the democratic weapons to break up our plutocracy whenever we desire to do so. In England they are breaking up their caste and economic privileged classes rapidly. In France and Italy junkerdom is a motheaten relic. And when junkerdom in Germany is crushed, then at least the world may begin the new era, may indeed begin to fight itself free. In the lands of the Allies the autocracy will be weakened by an Allied victory. In Germany the junkers will be strong if they win the war, and their strength will revive junkerism all over the earth. If the Allies win, it will weaken junkerdom everywhere. . . . The roaring of the big guns out at the point, seemed to Henry and me to be the crashing walls of privilege in the earth."

Here, in plain words, Mr. White expresses the terms upon which he and his democratic tradition are fused with the war. The Hamlet of nerveless speculation will not be satisfied. Caliban will remain savage. But the German has more to fear from this brand of faith than from any other. It is the core of fundamental American aspiration. It should govern every move of American policy. It is worth every drop of American blood.

F. H.

International Structure

Démocratie et Politique Etrangère, par Joseph Barthélemy. Paris: Félix Alcan. 10 francs.

WHATEVER M. Barthélemy writes he discusses with sure knowledge and high distinction. Certainly there is no volume in existence which so valuably orientates the general reader into the heart of the greatest problem before us. Even the specialist may well stand amazed at the vast resources M. Barthélemy has at his command. Biographies, speeches, newspapers, dispatches, treaties—all of these are ransacked with amiable liberality to point the moral that is preached. The book, of course, is especially grounded in French experience; and signs are not wanting that when the author deserts the country of his origin he writes only with an outsider's knowledge. It is unfair, for instance, to pillory the Union of Democratic Control on the strength of a government prosecution; as well attack John Bright because he did not win the approval of Queen Victoria. It is ungenerous to explain the Irish Rebellion as a deliberate attempt to prejudice the liberties of Europe; certain of M. Barthélemy's friends, M. Paul Dubois, for example, could have informed him differently. But these, after all, are small blemishes upon so vast a canvas as the author has sought to trace. They are the kind of error he will omit when the cooled passion of peace enables him to prepare a second edition.

Broadly speaking, M. Barthélemy attacks three problems. He tries, in the first place, to overthrow the general notion that a democracy is unsuited to the carrying-on of foreign policy. It is, of course, an old story. We all know how a monarchy is supposed to provide unity and continuity, permanence and the joys of secrecy. We have all been shown how royal marriages and royal tact, royal visits and personal diplomacy are guarantees of prestige and peace such as no republican or democratic régime can offer. M. Barthélemy attacks this thesis in two ways. He shows historically that it is false; and by a comparison of French diplomacy under the third republic with that of her monarchical neighbors he has no difficulty in repulsing the legend of its inferiority. Indeed, anyone who bethinks him of names like Jules Cambon, Jusserand, Gérard, Delcassé, will have no doubts upon this head. A recent and famous examination of the English foreign office has shown how much it has to gain by democratization; and anyone who has at all minutely studied the internal organization of the French ministry knows how much it would gain if the traditions of the second empire could be left behind. On the other hand, it is clear that America has still to develop the technique of diplomacy; her embassies can no longer be regarded as gilded resting-places for the millionaires who contribute to the election funds. Provision has still to be made at the universities for the kind of special training that the budding French diplomat gets at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques. Because the State Department is to be democratic, it does not mean that it is to be inefficient.

Few parts of M. Barthélemy's book are more suggestive than his discussion of secret diplomacy. He is convinced, I think rightly, that most international negotiations are too delicate to be conducted in public. But he presents no single effective argument in favor of keeping secret treaties that have once been concluded. He makes a valuable point when he suggests, as Mr. Balfour has recently insisted, that the association of non-ministerial members of the legislature diminishes the power and prestige of the foreign minister; yet I think it is a point dependent upon the personal character of the minister concerned. Mr. Wilson has the Senate Committee at his side, but it does not seem unduly to depress his opportunity of expression. Nor, when M. Barthélemy emphasizes the essential executive character of treaty-making, does he sufficiently make allowances for the unlooked-for results? Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy has recently been given by a German ambassador what is probably the highest tribute a foreign minister has ever received; but it is worth noting that his conversations with M. Cambon from his assumption of office, of which only the two or three highest cabinet ministers were aware, while they were not technically binding upon the House of Commons, did constitute a source of moral obligation. M. Barthélemy enlarges upon English public apathy about foreign affairs, and I suppose the same is true of America; but the only way to remove that apathy is to make them interesting, and the only way to make them interesting is to make them public. I can remember, for instance, the passionate sympathy of England with the Russian Revolution of 1905 after men like Mr. Nevinson had set it in its proper perspective, but, soon afterwards, the Anglo-Russian agreement was concluded and the press, with certain honorable exceptions, ceased to report the progress of the Revolution, with the result that, on the outbreak of war, the internal situation of Russia was totally obscured. If it had been ceaselessly remembered, not only might the present catastrophe have been averted, but, years before, a constitutionally organized Russia might have been secured.

M. Barthélemy has discussed with particular fullness the democratic control of the actual processes of war, and here, naturally, he has much of importance to reveal. For

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it must be remembered that this is the first large war of modern history in which democratic organization has been put to the test. Everyone knows the type of man who wants to stop all national life in war-time and hand us over to the general staff and the military police. M. Barthélemy's exhaustive analysis of the five stages of French experience since 1914 shows, I think, conclusively, the immense superiority of a régime in which the civil power is dominant. French history, like English history, seems to suggest that once the domain of tactics is passed, the peculiar cast of the military mind is unsuited to the problems that arise. The position of the parliamentary institutions is not so clear; but it is worth insisting here that three French Prime Ministers have paid glowing tributes to the value of the parliamentary commissions, and that the virtual abdication of Parliament in England has generated an atmosphere of intrigue too poisonous to be long endured. Nor is it in this connection unimportant that the one fundamental thing of which we complain in Germany is the absence of a parliamentary régime. It is probable, to take only a single instance, that there are few things for which we have more cause to be grateful in this war than that session in which M. Briand forced the resignation of M. Ribot on the latter's attitude to peace negotiations in 1917. Here, as elsewhere, no one can object to the utmost concentration of power in governmental hands; but it is a power which, at every stage, must meet with close and public scrutiny. So far, at any rate, we have no guarantee of such analysis save in the existence of deliberative assemblies.

The last of M. Barthélemy's questions is the relation of democracy to peace, and though there are many fine things here well said, it is, undoubtedly, inferior in quality to the earlier parts of his book. He rightly emphasizes, at the very outset, the important relation between foreign affairs and domestic policy; but with that key to the whole problem in his hands he becomes a traditionalist and discourses on geographical boundaries, ethnic relations, the respect of treaties and so forth. No one, I take it, can examine, say, the history of France without seeing the important part played therein by the Rhine and the Alps and the Pyrenees, just as no one will deny the vital factor of race in the problem of Austria-Hungary. But, when the last totals of these subjects have been added up, there remains the economic factor, and it clearly outweighs all others. The thing that is going to preserve peace after the war is not the League of Nations, or any similar machinery; it is the determination of organized labor in every country that the industrial system shall be so organized as to prevent the competition of capital in foreign countries from exploiting national prestige. We are going to have no more Mannesmanns in Morocco and no more Rhodes in Africa. Granted a genuine industrial freedom and the international economic relationships it demands, the spirit that makes most for war is largely exorcized. A failure to perceive this adequately is the main defect of M. Barthélemy's volume; but it remains, with the admirable essay of Maxime Leroy, one of the two best treatises on international structure that France has contributed to the making of peace. H. J. L.

Ezra Pound—Proseur

Pavannes and Divisions, by Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT seems an incredible thing that the poet who wrote Provença sometime about 1911 is also the studio oracle that in 1918 has put his excursions and false alarums into such permanent type. But here is the unbelievable; a carefully enshrined series of trivialities, translations, annotated excerpts, beauty submerged in banalities, criticism smothered in a mixture of snobbery and bad temper. Yet it is something more than a jumble of mannered prose and ostentatious finalities. It is the record of a creative talent grown sterile, of a disorderly retreat into the mazes of technique and pedantry. No living American poet started with a more vigorous determination than Ezra Pound. He began by blazing his own path through a trampled poetic forest. Then he started wandering whenever he saw a by-road, followed every curious twist and turn, pursued the will-o'-the-wisps of the bizarre, until finally he has lost himself in the backwoods and marshes of literature. Equipped with a restless athleticism and a freshness of personality, he did something to words that, even though it speedily degenerated into an idiom as tight as the clichés from which it reacted, was an impetus and influence to a small regiment of writers. He was one of the most pitiless antagonists of the mawkish and treacle-dripping verse that was being manufactured and retailed under the gaudy label of poetry; it was under his leadership that the Imagists became not only a group, but a fighting protest.

It is scarcely fair to argue, as has been attempted, that England changed the eager, experimental boy into a cynical litterateur. One may become as completely immersed in the pedantry of culture in the Philadelphia which Pound left as in the Bohemia of London which he now inhabits. There was undoubtedly something of the scholiast and a little of the antiquarian in his nonage; even his first book, for all its intensity, throbs with a passion that is, at bottom, a literary passion.

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Provença, in spite of its echoes of Browning and Bertran de Born, was a highly personal and distinctive collection. In it Pound achieved a half defiant, half disdainful independence. It made the publication of Lustra, his most recent volume of poems, doubly disappointing. Lustra was not so much a collection of poems as a catch-all for Pound's slightest gibes and gesticulations. And Pavannes and Divisions seems to serve the same purpose for Pound's prose dicta. Here are the scrapped experiments, introductions to a catalogue of vortographs, malformed models, filings and tailings from the craftsman's workshop, a list of exceptions filed with the editor of Reedy's Mirror in 1916, an extract from a letter to the Dial circa 1913—all the old, petty irritations and amiable heresies are carefully collected, tagged and set down for the edification of the cognoscenti, the delicately attuned, the nuance worshippers. Possibly the final criticism of the book is that of its publisher, Mr. Knopf, who in an advertisement couples it with Wyndham Lewis's Tarr and labels them both "For the Intelligentsia."

It remains to be seen how much the intransigents and æstheticians will appreciate this collection of out of date manifestoes and poorly disguised platitudes. The intelligentsia will doubtless be startled to learn that "Poetry is a composition of words set to music," that "Our only measure of truth is our own perception of truth," that it is not advisable when writing a symmetrical poem to "put in what you want to say and then fill up the remaining vacuums with slush." The intelligentsia will be still more uplifted by finding in this volume L'Homme Moyen Sensuel, a long piece of doggerel, in which Pound says, in pointless and mostly false rhyme, what H. L. Mencken has been saying in pointed prose for the last dozen years.

But Pound compensates for such bland repetitions and truisms. Frequently he gives us criticism which is as penetrating and graceful as, "Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant' is one of the rottennest poems ever written," or "Milton is the most unpleasant of English poets. . . . His popularity has been largely due to his bigotry." Browning usually commands his admiration, but "Crabbe will perhaps keep better than Browning." Wordsworth is recognized as "a silly old sheep with a genius for Imagism—and this talent, or the fruits of this talent, he buried in a desert of bleatings." ("Don't," says Pound in A Few Don'ts to Poets, "use such an expression as 'dim lands of peace.'" Such a mixture is sloppy and unnatural; it "dulls the image.") Education is characterized as "an onanism of the soul." And the speech of the Sanatogen school reinforces his style when Pound, in an energetic effort to define beauty, says: "You feel bucked up when you come on a swift moving thought in Plato or a fine line in a statue." In fact, these scattered essays with their enthusiasm for Arnold Dolmetsch, for certain neglected Elizabethans and for the twelfth century troubadours (by far the most careful, as it is the least self-conscious of the chapters) reveal Pound less as a pioneer than as a press agent. But his is a publicity strictly for the intelligentsia. Pound never lets one forget his scorn of America and his antagonism to the crowd. His unconcealed dislike of Demos, half contempt, half fear, together with his patrician attitudes, make him seem something of an anachronism, a hyperæsthetic pedant, a disgruntled aristogogue.

This dissatisfaction with his age and his inability to command its attention accounts for most of Pound's splenetic outbursts. The nimble arrogance of Whistler has been a bad example for him. For where Whistler carried off his impertinences with a light and dazzling dexterity, Pound, a far heavier-handed controversialist, begins by being truculent and ends by being tiresome. He is best in his least original moments, when he is estimating the richness of Remx de Gourmont, interpreting the exuberant artifice of the Provençal poets or translating the twelve dialogues of Fontenelle that are so strange a contrast, in spite of their classical similarity, to Landor's Imaginary Conversations. These essays do much to offset the vacuity of Stark Realism or the sexual preoccupations in Jodindranath Mawhwor's Occupation, which masks as a general irony but is actually a satire on itself.

And so the reckless poet of 1910 develops into the sophisticated proseur; he declines into querulous dogmatizing; he becomes the scholiast gone to seed. Even more than in Lustra, one senses the decadence which appraises the values in life chiefly as æsthetic values and which expresses its superiority in petulance instead of assurance, in a flash of erudition rather than the light of wisdom. It is a queer, out of tune collection; queerer than ever this year, 1918.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Young Modern and the Puritan

The Heart of the Puritan: Selections from Letters and Journals. Edited by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"THE Puritans had no dances or festivals. They burned witches instead." So wrote Walter Lippmann in A Preface to Politics. So have written, or inferred, a good many of the best men writing today. The Seven Arts Magazine, unfortunately suspended, kept on saying it by implication through its too brief career. Mr. Mencken says it in his book Prefaces. Theodore Dreiser says it, in fiction and in essay, on every occasion. Even Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, who ought to know better, hints at it. And as for Floyd Dell!

In fact, the whole younger set, including Mr. Dreiser, never see the word "puritan" without getting out their axes, refreshing their memories of Freud and Forel, remembering bitterly the small towns they were brought up in, thanking God they can find the way to Greenwich Village, even if they do not live there—and then taking another whirl at the long-suffering men whose manners and customs, distorted and unillumined by that unearthly light in which they lived, have yet been the mold in which our country's laws, literature, education, religions, economics, morals and points of view have become petrified. Europe and the east have poured uncounted millions of people across fifty states, with all their old and deep-rooted ideals of civilization—and Puritanism has swallowed them up and they are not.

And the fun of it is that a large number of them seem never to have read anything in American literature, or any literature for that matter, written before 1875. In fact, a better date would be 1890, when Wells and Shaw first burst upon the world. They know all there is to be known about the modern Englishmen and the modern French and the really modern Russians, of the Italians who belong gladly to the future and of the Viennese psychology which explains them all.

But they talk about the Puritans without knowing, apparently, any of that vast literature, secular and theological, sermons, histories, treatises, diaries and letters, crabbed, formal, long-winded, homely and unworldly, shrewd and zealous, dogmatic and fanatical, which poured from the

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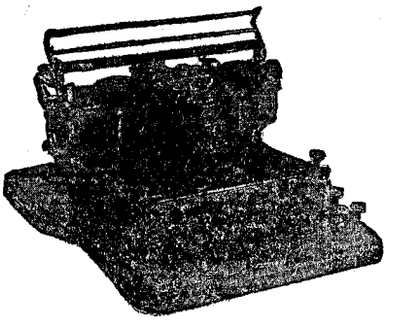

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quills of the Mathers, the Cottons, the Sewells, judges, divines, college presidents and all the narrow, vivid, homogeneous community whose stamp was to bite so deep into the consciousness of these United States.

But so long as our ideas about Puritanism are derived from the memories of the manners and morals of the small towns of the Middle West since the Civil War, from their ideas of Sunday observance, of theatre-going, of the-things-that-mustn't-be-talked-about, so long as we fail to grasp any of the springs of thought and action of the genuine Puritan, we are not going to be able to criticize him intelligently.

Therefore the importance of Miss Hanscom's carefully edited book of extracts from diaries, letters, sermons and chronicles of Puritan life, from the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony till well past Jonathan Edwards. One will find perhaps that the reason why the Puritans burned witches is not so simple a problem in Freud as Walter Lippmann jauntily suggests. And one will find a lot of other things which will fill him with an uncomfortable sense that the Puritans weren't such a different kind of animal as he thinks. The wooings of Samuel, Judge Sewell, the Reverend Cotton Mather's struggle between romance and duty, or rather between scandal and respectability, that same Cotton Mather's blindness in his persecution of the witches only a few years before he dared disgrace and death to introduce inoculation into plague-stricken Boston, Jonathan Edwards expelled by his congregation because his doctrine of predestination was too hard for them, the same old intrigue and struggle against the "ring" ruling Harvard College, Cotton Mather's conception of a Montessori system tempered by religion for his children's education, and the eternal rebellion of the mob against the authority of king and church—it is not such a different world from the one we live in.

People who do know something about the Puritans will want Miss Hanscom's book. Fragmentary as it is, it does give a bird's-eye view of Puritan ideals and character which is illuminating. But those people do not need it half as much as the writers, young and old, who try to build critical outposts against the age-old siege of the Puritan legions, yet have no straw wherewith to make their bricks, nothing but traditions, surmises and guesses as to what Puritanism is. Will some good conservative kindly buy up the edition for free distribution among our serious young writers under thirty-five who have never read anything American earlier than Henry James? It would be a profitable investment for a conservative. For, above all, the book shows that our forefathers had an intenseness about things which makes our intenseness seem half-hearted and indecisive. Which is probably the reason why our young moderns have not, as yet, ridden the Puritan spirit out of town on its appointed rail. It is far too alive and kicking.

R. E. R.

Contributors

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT—A graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Author of French Perspectives. She has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

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H. G. WELLS.

S. K. RATCLIFFE—A well-known London journalist and lecturer, now in this country. The English representative of the New Republic. Formerly editor of the Statesman, Calcutta.

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